

# Rotarian

OCTOBER

**H. W. VAN LOON**

The Cave Man  
Is Still with Us

**ANDRÉ MAUROIS**

The Art of  
Being Boss

**ELMER F. LAYDEN**

Speak Kindly  
Of the Coach

**DEBATE-OF-MONTH**

Should United States  
Employers Organize?

**J. P. McEVoy**

70 percent Is  
Not Passing

**PICTURES—**

- Less Woe  
In Shanghai
- Making Mechanics  
At Dayton, Ohio

1941



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(From the librarian of Pergamino, Argentina): "The library commission has placed REVISTA ROTARIA in the reading room so that readers may keep informed of the work of Rotary International by the authoritative words of the authors who write for the magazine. We hope that we shall continue to receive the publication."

(From a newspaper editor in Ovalle, Chile): "Thanks to J. G. Alden for REVISTA ROTARIA. . . . The choice of material and its excellent presentation makes this magazine the highest example of goodwill and of culture."

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# Whoa!

¶ What's become of the old nag? Your hobbyhorse, we mean. The one you once rode to glorious triumphs in dark-room, garden, or workshop. Why not trot out the spavined steed? He's paced right for these galloping times—plenty pokey. He'll "whoa you down."

¶ You know, you *can* give your hobbyhorse wings. That's what Ray Giles writes about next month. He means that—no, sir, we're going to let him tell it.

¶ While you're waiting, turn over to page 60 here and see what's tied up at the Hobbyhorse Hitching Post this month. If The Groom has never listed you in his directory, ask him to. It's free, to Rotary folk. But remember Ray Giles—

## In Your November ROTARIAN

## Talking It Over

Comment on ROTARIAN articles by ROTARIAN readers

### Each Must Plan His Work

Believes ELMER REEVES, Rotarian  
Proprietor, Waverly Nursery  
Waverly, Iowa

H. G. Wells, in *Bases for a Lasting Peace* [September ROTARIAN], says, in giving the rights of man, "He is entitled to paid employment." That implies that someone or some source is obligated to supply him with employment, which obviously is not true.

It is each one's duty to plan and supply his own employment. If he is indolent, incapable, or otherwise unable to find a suitable job, he is fortunate if someone capable of doing so furnishes him a job, although I am aware that the labor unions work on the idea that others are obligated to plan and supply them with work and the means of living.

Mr. Wells should be able to see the point of this, but evidently does not. If he would free his writings from their ambiguous language and write in plain English, we could understand him much better.

### 'I Once Had a Teacher'

Recalls E. K. HILLBRAND, Rotarian  
Dean, University Extension Division  
University of Wichita  
Wichita, Kansas

The debate-of-the-month for September between Carleton Washburne and Mortimer J. Adler on *Shall We Have More 'Progressive Education'?*, and the various comments on teachers under both the traditional and the progressive methods, reminded me that I once had a teacher. For her encouragement, her persistence, her example, I shall never cease being grateful, for it was she who, early in life's morning, was the first to awaken me.

In the seventh grade, at Belleville, Kansas, I found Laura Hill, and the world has never been quite the same to me since. She made my eyes to see, my ears to hear, and my heart in a measure to understand.

Unknown, yes, but nevertheless a great teacher. She lived in obscurity and contended with hardship, but she awoke sleeping spirits, quickened the indolent, encouraged the eager, steadied the unstable, and communicated to them her own joy in learning.

America needs more such teachers, men and women who are not cloistered spirits, but who know the heat and labor of the day, the sting of failure, the thrill of success, the daily hand-to-hand struggle with life. Not the teacher who knows the most intimate secrets of the electron, not the teacher who suspects that oxygen is a mixture of several isotopes, nor the teacher who has counted the commas in Chaucer, but the

teacher who, first, knows and loves humans, and, second, possesses both a fundamental and contemporary knowledge of his subject. That kind of teacher is a crying need of every school.

As Arthur Guiterman says:

No printed page nor spoken plea  
May teach young hearts what men should be—  
Not all the books on all the shelves,  
But what the teachers are themselves.

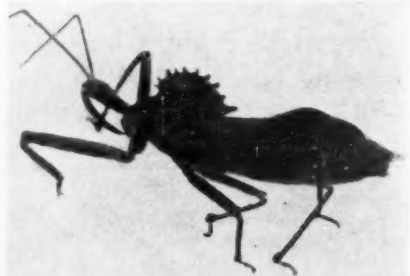
### Meet the Rotary Bug

Presented by S. W. FROST, Rotarian  
Professor of Entomology  
State College, Pennsylvania

Milton S. Mayer's interesting article on "rudimentary Rotary" [*Who's Human Now?*, September ROTARIAN] in the world of fishes and animals brings to mind a bug that could serve as a natural symbol of Rotary. It gives point to the question: "Do you have the Rotary bug—that is, keep up your attendance?"

Although insects are commonly referred to as bugs, only those that belong to the order *Heteroptera* are true bugs. One of these is known as the wheel bug (*Arilus cristatus*). As an entomologist, I might proudly adopt this insect as my Rotary insignia. The projections from the thorax of this insect certainly resemble a portion of the Rotary wheel, but this insect is more important as a cog in man's economy.

This somewhat ferocious-looking crea-



BENEFACITOR—with half a Rotary wheel.

ture neither bites, stings, nor attacks man. On the contrary, it is beneficial to man. Both the young and the adult of this species feed upon injurious insects. One of these voracious creatures may consume hundreds of man's pests during its development.

There are, of course, hundreds of other predacious insects and jointly they do an amazing job in holding injurious insects in control. In packing peas, 25 bushels of beneficial insects were sieved out in a few days. From 2½ acres of peas, 1,738 beneficial insects were collected by special machinery intended to gather injurious insects attacking this crop. The wheel bug takes





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of months. Weeklies are being flooded with just such releases from every organization and department of our Governments under the sun—and then you wonder why the weekly editor never gets rich.

There is one thing THE ROTARIAN would do well to keep in mind. That is the fact that the rural press is doing more to hold hundreds of small-town Rotary Clubs together than any one force. The rural press has kept many Rotary units from being the laughing-stock of the home town, because the editors have recognized the great meaning of Rotary, even though its membership hasn't.

For heaven's sake, let the poor weekly editor alone and find somebody else to blame for the conditions of this world. The editor is doing his part, and more.

### Indian Started a College

Notes A. L. MILLER, Rotarian  
President, Federated Publications  
Battle Creek, Michigan

I was particularly interested in finding in the August ROTARIAN an article on a typical American town—Ottawa, Kansas [Ottawa Applies the Yardstick!]. Perhaps you can comprehend my interest when I explain that I went there as a youngster to work my way through school and that I published the newspaper there for a good many years, and at the time of relieving the community of this handicap I thought I knew everybody in town.

In my judgment there is a story behind the magazine story. It has social significance. The theme of it would be that character tells. This town was settled by a pretty select crowd of pioneers. They had convictions and courage and ideals. One of the first incidents in making a settlement there on the prairie was that one of the pioneers got a gift from an Indian chief to found a college and did found it, and the college is still going on to bigger and better things.

For 30 or 40 years the town maintained the second-largest Chautauqua assembly in the United States, next in

size to the Chautauqua of New York. I have seen 30,000 people gathered there on a big day.

These things were not mere surface indications. They were reflections of fundamental character.

### Double Lesson in Sportsmanship

Related by G. H. HAWES, Rotarian  
Educator  
Madison, New Jersey

Re: *Good Sportsmanship Makes Good Business*, by Ray Giles, September issue.

Twenty years ago, when I was a councillor at a large boys' camp in Maine, the camp director, a State-wide leader of boys and men, a man loved and respected by all, a man known throughout the State for his business acumen, but, above all, known for his innate sense of sportsmanship, related this experience to me one day as he paused in the act of writing a check at camp headquarters:

The day before he had dickered with a local farmer over the purchase of ten pure-bred cows for the camp farm. The price for the cows agreed upon, the camp director turned to the farmer and said, "Now, you're a good judge of cows and a good Christian. I'll rely on your judgment to pick out ten dandy cows for me."

The farmer replied, "But I might not pick out ten satisfactory cows. You pick them out and then if you are not satisfied, you will have only yourself to blame."

The camp director thought for a moment and then answered, "That's a deal."

After the cows were all loaded on the trucks and the farmer had been paid the agreed-upon price, the camp director turned to the farmer and said, "You're satisfied?"

The farmer grinned ruefully, shook hands, and replied, "A bargain's a bargain." He added, "But I didn't know you know so much about cows. You picked my ten best milkers."

The camp director turned to me and said, "You know, George, that farmer was a good [Continued on page 54]

## Odd Shots

Can you match the photo below for uniqueness, human interest, coincidence, or just plain out-of-the-ordinary-ness? Then send it to the Editors of *The Rotarian*—you will receive a check for \$3 if your "odd shot" is used. But remember—it must be different!



"STEAKS ALIVE!"—Well done, by A. L. Frisbie, editor, Grinnell (Iowa) *Herald-Register*.

# In This Issue

Volume LIX

Number 4

OCTOBER 1941

## By Way of Introduction



Illustration by R. R. Esperly

ANDRÉ MAUROIS, as he discusses bosses, could add that at 20 he became boss of his family's textile mills in France. Then World War I put him in uniform, sent him to British Headquarters as a French liaison officer, and gave him starting "copy" for the literary career which has made him internationally prominent. Again in uniform in World War II, he was with the British in Belgium, is now in the United States.

WALTER D. HEAD was Rotary's President in 1939-40. If his distinguished service to Rotary has had any bias, it has been International Service. He is a five-tongue linguist, a wide traveller. Business address: Montclair (New Jersey) Academy for Boys. He's headmaster.

ALMA DENNY is a young Brooklyn, New York, housewife and mother who writes—and writes sensitively—in her spare time. Her story is actual autobiography. . . . BETTE HUGHES is a 23-year-old Canadian journalist. Home town: Victoria, British Columbia. . . . Laurence A. Raymer is a newspaper reporter and a Rotarian of Beloit, Wisconsin. . . . Auto men of Canada know Stanley C. Forbes, of Brantford, Ontario, as one of their largest distributors. He's a member and last year's Chairman of the Magazine Committee.

—THE CHAIRMAN

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Photo: Pan-American Airways

LY TRIBUNE: THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1941

## Rotary President Flies to Visit European Clubs

★ ★ ★

NEW YORK, Aug. 26 [Special].—Tom J. Davis, president of Rotary International, was aboard the Atlantic Clipper as it took off this morning for Lisbon, Portugal. He will visit Rotary clubs and confer with Rotary officers in England, Ireland, and Portugal, and expects to meet a group of Bermuda Rotarians during the short outbound stop at Hamilton.

"Rotary clubs in Britain have been extremely busy in many phases of service to their country during the past two years," Davis said, and he expects to obtain firsthand informa-

tion on their varied activities. "Rotary's vitality even in times of stress and war is in evidence nowhere better than in Britain," he added. "Of the 486 Rotary clubs in Britain and Ireland, seven were organized since the outbreak of the war.

"Most of the over 20,000 Rotarians in Britain and Ireland are engaged in home guard, air raid precaution, and fire warden services, and other home activities, while many are in active army or naval or air service. Several have lost their lives in action

or through the bombing of civilians. A few are in prison camps on the Continent and are sent parcels of food each month through a special relief fund maintained by Rotary International administered by the organization's secretariat in Chicago."

On his return trip, Davis plans to visit Rotary Clubs in Portugal, which, he says are assisting refugee relief efforts. He expects to be back in the United States and in his home at Butte, Mont., where he is a prominent lawyer, within a month.

de Janeiro Puts Ban  
Gasoline Sales

3 Commercial Planes Break  
Record in Hawaii

# After the War—What Then?

By **Walter D. Head**

Past President, Rotary International

*The coming peace must be planned now. Rotary can aid that effort. It has taken a step and it asks your help.*

**R**EPORTING to the Board of Directors of Rotary International last July, President Tom J. Davis made this vital observation:

Without doubt, each of you has been asked and has given thought to the question, "What is the place of our movement of 210,000 business and professional men in 5,000 Clubs in this world at war?" just as I have been asked this question and as I have endeavored to give thought to it. Rotary International as an organization cannot wield the magic wand that will stop wars and that will bring peace to mankind. But that is no excuse for inaction. I believe that Rotary has a most significant contribution to make at this present juncture in the world's history. And I believe that every Rotarian can help in doing this job.

Later, with his Board's unanimous approval, President Davis appointed a Committee of 12 to investigate and to implement this purpose. At the same time he arranged for the appointment of a number of correspondents in widely scattered parts of the world who are to give their views.

As to the tremendous importance of the task assigned to this Committee, which is to be known as the Committee on Research As to Participation of Rotarians in Post-War World Reorganization,\* there is no doubt. All hinges, of course, on whether or not the democracies win the war, for if they do not, Rotary will undoubtedly cease to exist, at least on the Continent of Europe. But after the war—then what? A return to the *status quo ante* will not do, for out of this struggle are bound to come profound social, economic, and political changes.

That these changes may be made in an orderly and constructive fashion, and not be left to the politicians and self-seekers, much sound planning must be done now. To that planning there must be some contribution that 210,000 men of goodwill scattered over 60-odd political subdivisions can make, and that they must make, if peace is to be enduring.

At first sight, the task of planning a post-war world may seem completely baffling, but two facts are definitely favorable: first, our planet possesses all the materials needed for the use of all men, both now and in the future. The trouble in the past has been due largely to maldistribution. But proper application of intelligence and goodwill should solve these problems, and there is no reason from an economic viewpoint why we should not have, if we choose, "A World to LIVE In."

Second, in spite of all that is now taking place, there is in the world a tremendous amount of goodwill, and this is distributed generally through *all races* and nations. Fundamentally, I am convinced that there is no nation which "hates" another nation. Nations may *fear* each other, but that is an entirely different thing. Not only my reading but also my experience in at least a dozen different countries has convinced me of this. The hope of men and women *everywhere* is to live in peace and to enjoy those ordinary satisfactions which are, or should be, the normal lot of human beings. Today, thousands are suffering untold miseries, but even those whom war has so far spared, real-

ize the world cannot forever endure these recurrent cataclysms.

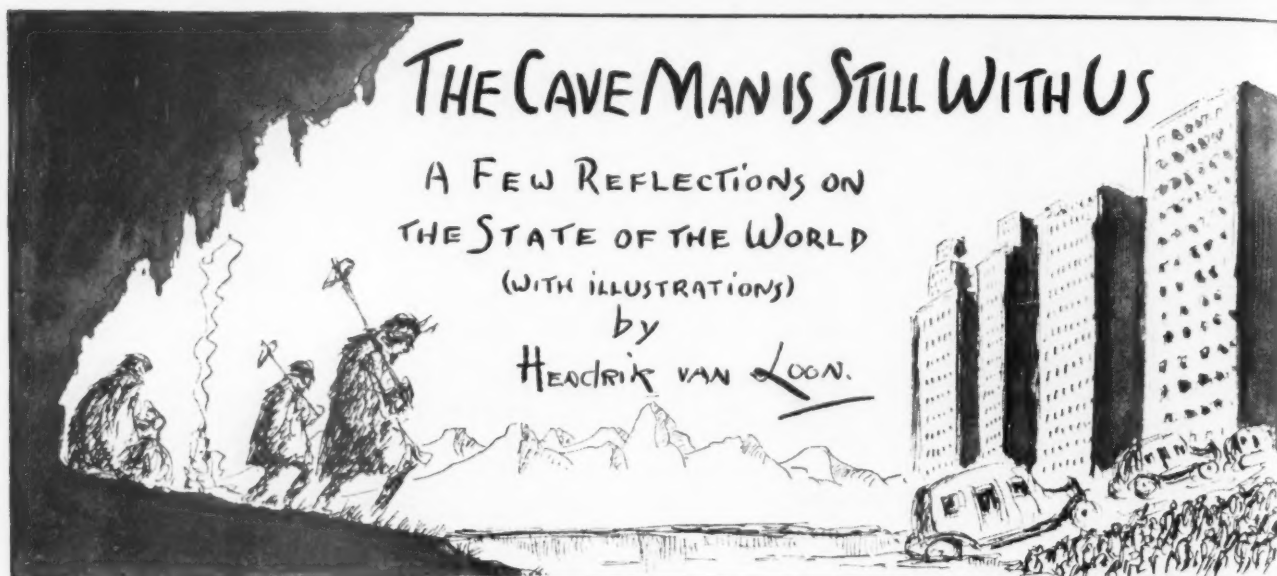
It was Daniel Webster who said, "Mind is the master of all things." In other words, before anything in the realm of human affairs can become a reality, it must have been conceived in the mind of man. The causes of war, economic and otherwise, are, after all, man made and therefore they can be solved by men—men of intelligence and goodwill.

Rotary will certainly not be able to dictate the terms of the forthcoming peace; it has no desire to do so. But it has sufficient strength both in numbers and in leadership to play a definite part in determining its character and what type of world shall come out of it. This, I take it to be, is the work which President Davis has assigned to our Committee. We make no extravagant promises, but we do pledge to the President and to all Rotarians our best thought and our devoted efforts.

**W**E NEED all the help we can get, and we urge all Rotarians, and, for that matter, non-Rotarians, to give us their ideas and suggestions. There is no use stressing the insignificance of the individual. The world is made up of a lot of common folk like you and me. All of you who read this editorial and who are following THE ROTARIAN's series, *A World to LIVE In*, will have ideas. Why not sit down and send them to us? They will be most welcome. May I hope that each of you will take this as a personal message, and believe me when I say that you, too, can help. Will you?

\* Personnel of this Committee is as follows: Walter D. Head, Past President, Montclair, N. J.; Allen D. Albert, Past President, Paris, Ill.; Fred L. Haas, Past District Governor, Omaha, Nebr.; Richard C. Hedke, Past Director, Detroit, Mich.; Donato Gaminara, Past Vice-President, Montevideo, Uruguay; Francis Kettaneh, Director, Beirut, Lebanon; Crawford C. McCullough, Past President, Fort William, Ont., Canada; Angus S. Mitchell, Past Director, Melbourne, Australia; Lester A. Royal, Past District Governor, West Liberty, Iowa; I. B. Sutton, Past President, Tampico, Mexico; T. A. Warren, First Vice-President, Wolverhampton, England; Kendall Weisiger, Past International Committeeman, Atlanta, Ga.





**WE** SPEAK of "the people of 1941," of "the people of the Ice Age." We say, "The people of 1941 believe in progress," and, "The people of the Ice Age were very primitive." We forget that, strictly speaking, there are no people of 1941, and no prehistoric people. There are, in any age, only individuals and those individuals are as different from each other as you and I are from the murderer who was hanged this morning for killing his children (an unfortunate survivor from the Ice Age).

Outwardly, most people around you look very much alike. Their clothes, cars, and houses are all of a kind—and modern. Their wives are 1941 from the tips of their sandals to the queer contraptions on top their heads. They've all had their children's tonsils out. They play bridge according to the revised rules of 1941, and when anybody mentions 1939, they ask him for heaven's sake not to bore them with ancient history. But underneath this 1941 veneer, to what periods of the past do they really belong?

Take half a dozen people with whom you are familiar, whom you see every day of your life: the banker who lives next door, the chauffeur who drives the neighbors' car, your doctor, your grocer, the head of the department store in your town, your dear old harmless Aunt Amy. All belong to that group which we call "the people of 1941." But if we could

study them as we study the geological layers of our mountains, what would we find?

The banker, perhaps, is at heart more of a flareback to a Florentine merchant of the 15th Century than an American financier of the year 1941. The rôle he chose for himself in his boyhood days on the wrong side of the tracks was that of some member of the Medici family. It was, we might learn, a lurid Sunday-supplement account of the career of Lorenzo il Magnifico that gave him his dream and shaped the whole course of his career.

Next we have the chauffeur, a natty dresser in the style of 1941. Take his brains apart and you'll find that he is really a Gael of the 6th Century of our era and not a day later. The stories he heard as a child about his earliest ancestor, the great Fion MacCumhal, filled him with the conviction that he had been born to become another Fingal.

And so on.

By now the reader will undoubtedly know what I mean and he can diagnose the other people I enumerated. The doctor, trained never to take anything for granted and to base his final conclusions upon only demonstrable facts, would probably be so far ahead of our time that we might push him at least 1,000 years ahead of 1941. And as for your dear Aunt Amy, a spinster lady of uncertain age—even a superficial study of her real motives would soon reveal that

the good lady is at heart a cave woman, only that she uses her tongue instead of a club to slay her enemies and that only the laws of the land prevent her from eating her departed foes.

But the subject is even more complicated than all this, for in this world we deal not only with individuals, but also with nations, and nations, in many ways, are exactly like ordinary families. They work and slave and save and a mysterious inner urge drives them to every corner of the planet to acquire still more wealth, still more prestige. Then one fine day, that terrific energy having spent itself, they withdraw abruptly from active life. They build themselves beautiful houses, cover their wives with very expensive pelts, and marry their daughters to young men with high-sounding names.

**T**HEN unknown shabby folk from the "wrong side" of the railroad tracks, desirous of their share of the world's treasures, begin to encroach upon their comfortable neighbors. And being ill-mannered vulgarians, they merely laugh at the ponderous pretensions of the fine ladies and gentlemen in the big houses which arise in solitary grandeur above their own slum.

For a while the occupants of these big houses are able to maintain themselves. But as they have lost the habit of working, their invested capital remains sta-

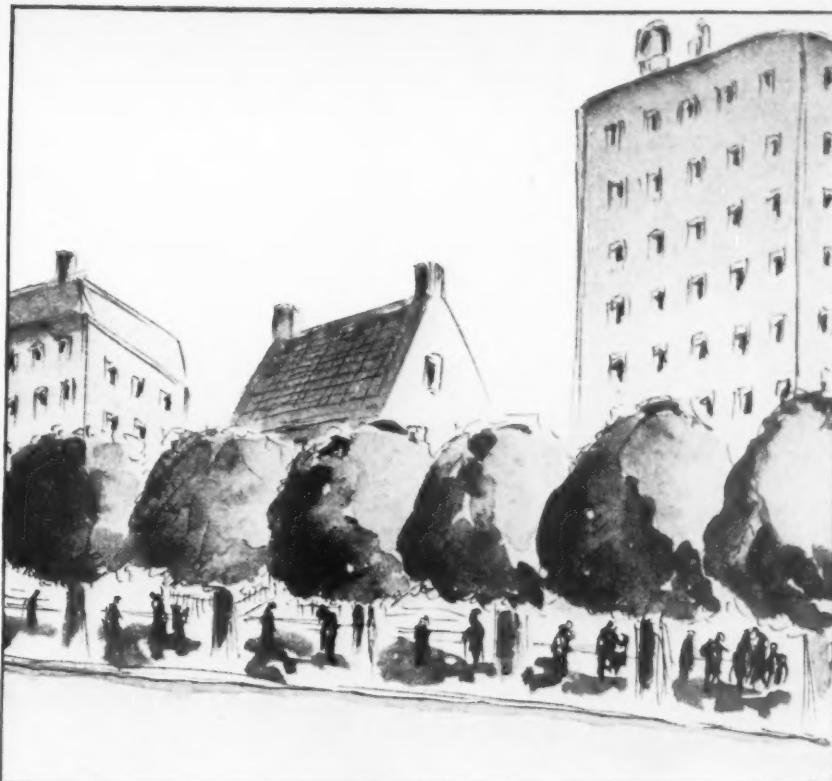


tionary, which means that in two generations (at the most) their money is gone and, as they have brought up their children to live lives of ease, the youngsters are unable to fend for themselves.

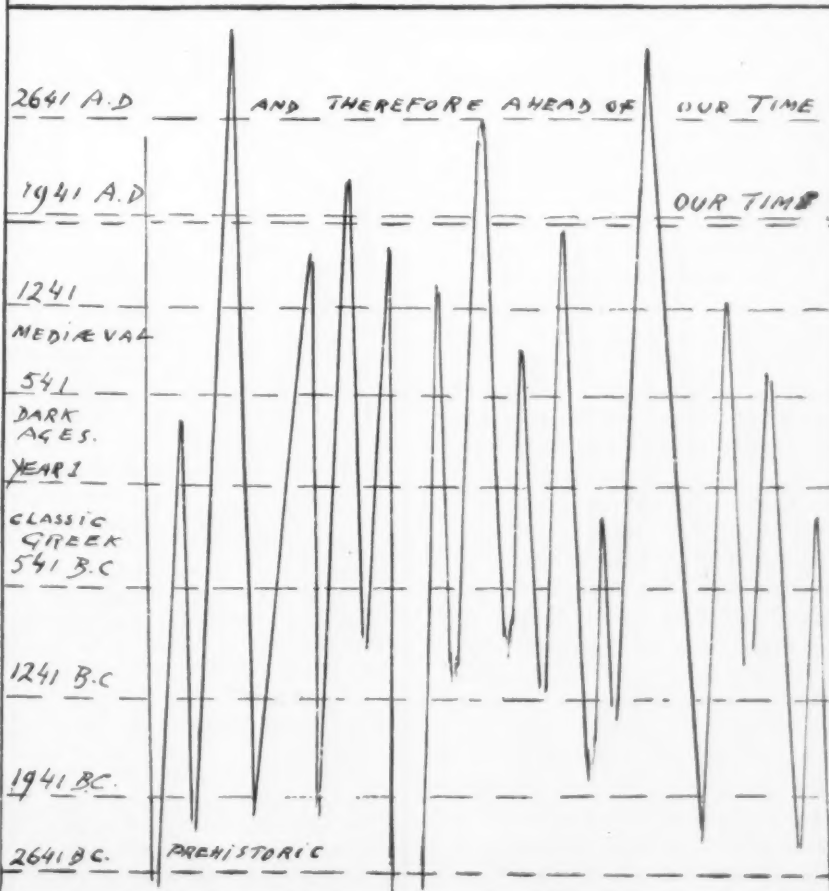
The process of disintegration rushes madly ahead and presently the wrong side of the railroad tracks has moved itself, its wives, children, and other chattels to the right side. They pull down old houses and replace them with more up-to-date mansions. They marry their children to the children of those whom they had considered their enemies—and their grandchildren don't amount to twopence. The moment they give signs of weakness, still others, now living in the tenements across the tracks, decide that it is almost time for them to assert their rights. And so on and so forth.

But again, this process of eternal change, while always outwardly the same, varies for every country as it varies for every village and city. In the United States' South, for example, where it was almost impossible to acquire great wealth, the social aspect of life was stressed while material wealth counted for little. In the North, where money could easily be made, the social element was negligible in deciding a man's success. Provided he was rich enough and did not offend too grossly against the accepted amenities of life (his wife and daughters would see to that), it mattered little whether his grandfather had fought with Grant or had been a draft dodger who had made a million out of selling shoddy blue uniforms.

In England the ownership of land was still held in such great esteem above all other methods of acquiring an established position in society that until the present war a somewhat refined form of feudalism was able to defeat all the pretensions of millions that had been dug out of a diamond pit in South Africa or had been sweated out of the rubber trees of the Malayan Peninsula. In Germany the mythical "von" before a name still held a great fascination for most honest and hard-working Teutons, even if they despised the descendants of a class of people who, to all intents and purposes, had been lit-



OUTWARDLY ALL THE PEOPLE LOOK AS IF THEY BELONGED TO OUR TIME, BUT INWARDLY IT IS A DIFFERENT STORY.



IF THE 'MODERNITY' OF THE PEOPLE YOU KNOW WERE GRAPHED, IT MIGHT LOOK ABOUT LIKE THIS.

tle better than robber barons.

I could continue the list for another hundred pages, but again the reader will know what I mean and can draw up his own list, beginning with the little town in which he was born. But there is a point I want to make. I want to show that we can no more speak of "modern nations" than we can speak of "modern people." There is no definite standard of modernity, but until the outbreak of the present war there was a sort of norm. The Scandinavian countries, and Finland, The Netherlands, and Switzerland, by developing their social and economic life on strictly scientific lines, have given a noble example of what can be accomplished within the field of statecraft and applied economics if these are considered as belonging to the realm of the intellect instead of the emotions.

But much of what they had accomplished was lost when they fell victim to totalitarian violence and nobody can foretell in what form they will reappear when they regain their independence. But they at least showed us what can be done.

The rôle these lands have played during the last 40 years gives us a footing in exploring such complicated problems as, for example, the failure of the League of Nations. In that League all kinds of nations were to be treated with absolute equality, when, in reality, they were separated from each other by thousands of years of intellectual, economic, and spiritual development. For what common bond existed between the highly individualized Hollander (almost overindividualized) and the delegate who represented a State in which all individual aspirations had been exterminated for the benefit of the State? Or between Ethiopia, still living in the Stone Age, and Switzerland, where a graduate of an ordinary public school knew about as much as the average American Ph.D.?

It just could not be done. In spite of all the high ambitions of the founders of the League, the attempt was doomed to failure ere it had been started. Carlyle's famous objection to democracy, "What! give the same vote to Judas as to Jesus?" made itself felt from the very beginning. Na-

tions accustomed to a parliamentary procedure in every aspect of life (from running an empire to managing a football team) had to thresh out knotty international problems with other nations in which, since time immemorial, the ruling classes had ridden roughshod over the objections of their subjects. Countries where most people have remained half-literate peasants until this very day were asked to settle subtle points of civic freedom with representatives from Denmark, where small holdings and the folk school have given even the day laborer a chance at a first-rate education.

In spite of all these contradictions, the attempt was made to put together what thousands of years of dissimilar development had put asunder. Undoubtedly it will be made again when there is a moment's respite in the present slaughter, and probably with the same unfortunate result. For such a League would again be the meeting place for special-interest pleaders, orators, fuss budgets, Big

I's, and self-styled martyrs. However, they will have to overcome the opposition of citizens of a more practical turn, men and women who sincerely hope that such an organization may work as a safety valve for those dangerous nationalistic passions which have dominated the world ever since the outbreak of the French Revolution and that it may act as a clearinghouse for the many conflicting interests of the different economic groups, so that the riches of this world can be apportioned according to some plan that is reasonably profitable to everybody without the usual recourse to the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of innocent bystanders.

The latter group will, therefore, represent modern man as we like to imagine him in his most inspired moments, but the graph depicting the true intellectual and spiritual development of the vast majority of all the delegates will again be a strange crisscross of lines, connecting points located all over the map of the past.

Eventually, if we believe in a million-year plan for the development of a true form of civilization, all the members of the human race may attain an equal degree of intelligence, unselfishness, and moral courage. But those who would like to use the past as a guide for the present world will do well to remember that many of their most successful fellow citizens are still cave men.

Eventually, unless in the meantime we shall have allowed our uncontrolled greed and our unwillingness to face facts to ruin our civilization, these difficulties will undoubtedly be overcome. But it will take endless time and the patience of saints. Of time we have a limitless supply, for Nature will allow us to draw most generously upon her reservoir of eternity, and patience is something we can acquire if we try hard enough. On the whole, I think it will prove to be worth our while trying, for there is no other solution. The human race can never retrace its steps. It can move in only one direction—forward. But it may do this in a downward as well as in an upward direction.

It is up to us to choose the right course.



THE AUTHOR—a Self-Portrait

Hendrik Willem van Loon, distinguished historian, was born in The Netherlands, now lives in Connecticut, and pronounces his name "van Loan."

This article is the second in the series, "A World to LIVE In." Last month H. G. Wells discussed 11 "rights" which must be guaranteed all men before peace can last. Here Dr. van Loon charts the objective attitudes of mind necessary to their attainment. Forthcoming articles will anticipate other phases of the involved post-war problem.—Eds.

**T**O COMMAND—to boss—is never a privilege; it is always a responsibility. So testify statesmen, chief engineers, managing directors, major-generals, shop foremen—so, indeed, do all who sit at the world's head desks. The executive must give orders, must study reports, and must make inspections—these being the three channels through which he maintains communication with those he commands.

Now the first requisite of an order is clarity. A swivel-chair reverie may safely be vague. A new project may be nebulous, half dream. But an order must be precise! So great is the possibility that even a well-couched order will be often misunderstood that what hope can there be for an order which is obscure, indirect, ill wrought?

"One does well," Napoleon used to say, "only that which one does oneself." An overstatement, of course, but every wise boss reckons with the human equation, knowing that man's ability to comprehend is limited, his ability to forget vast. Thus it is not enough just to give an order. The chief must also guarantee its execution and must also foresee all that might annul the effects of it.

But such precautions become less necessary as the boss surrounds himself with a staff of assistants in whom he can have confidence. Every industrialist has his coterie of engineers, production men, sales experts, and cost accountants. Every political leader has his cabinet. Human fallibility notwithstanding, there are in the world a few beings on whom one can really count.

How choose them? One of the responsibilities of the boss is to know the personnel from whom he can recruit his staff. Léon Gambetta made trips into all of France to learn to know the prefects. The head of a State must try to discover the best elements in it and to use them.

And not only must he use the

good existing elements, but also must he create new ones. Numerous parties in various countries are doing that right now. The Conservative party in England, for example, watches in the great universities for young men possessing potentialities as statesmen. It maintains a college to form them. If they prove their

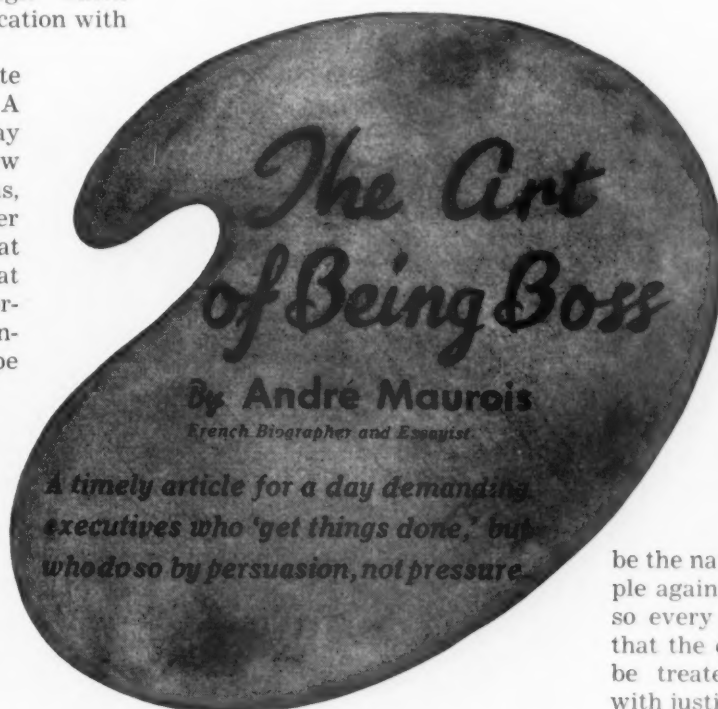
ceptibilities before they weaken the structure he heads.

An exacting master is always more esteemed than an indifferent or weak one. Every man bears criticism easily as long as his character and his intelligence are clearly left out of it. To tell at once, and with force, what one has on one's heart is a wise policy, for a frank, quick reproach causes less harm than a hostile and brooding discontent. Had the leaders of France been frank with the people, as I recently asserted in this magazine [see May, 1941, issue], my beloved country would never have fallen. Apprised of the dearth of airplanes and tanks, my countrymen would have leaped, as one man, to produce them.

As the king must be the natural defender of his people against the greed of his lords, so every office head must watch that the doers, the workers, shall be treated by his subordinates with justice and honor. That is the most difficult rôle, for here the duty of the boss is double. He must not weaken the authority of those to whom he delegates authority. Naturally, no precise rule can dictate his conduct to him. The great man, here as in all things, is walking on "the tight wire," throwing his balance sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, in order to maintain his equilibrium.

In the measure in which it is possible, it is a duty of the boss to prevent discontent and to remedy injustices before they provoke any complaint. To succeed he must keep contact with those whom he leads. This demands imagination, a quality every good leader must have. In making an effort to consider the lives of all, he must spare those who are under his orders avoidable suffering.

The secret of being loved, then, Mr. Executive, is to love—and to know your trade better than anyone else. Men bear commanding. They even want to be, provided they are *well* commanded.



caliber there, it seeks a location for them. If they again prove their caliber, the Prime Minister tries to give to the best of them some experience in affairs by installing them as parliamentary secretaries, then as Undersecretaries of State. It is no less the responsibility of the industrial leader to pick and train young men who will carry on after him.

As every executive knows, it is often extremely difficult to sustain that precious quality—harmony. In no business is there room for a caste system in which the office help patronizes the men in the plant and the latter, in turn, look down upon the shipping department. It often happens that office frictions develop as a by-product of the enthusiasm of subordinates. Here are two amiable assistants who want to serve their chief well. Soon they are vying with each other for evidence of his esteem—and bitterness may grow between them. The boss must guess and appease these sus-



**I**T DOESN'T seem to me to be a question of whether American employers *should* organize, but rather whether they *must* organize. What else can the employer do but organize to protect his business against local, state, and national organizations of employees operating in the field of labor relations under the aegis of State and Federal legislation?

This is no longer an academic question.

The National Labor Relations Act says an employer *must* bargain collectively with any organization which a majority of his employees choose as their representative. This means the individual employer is compelled by government to deal collectively with great labor organizations, powerful within themselves locally, but a thousandfold more powerful in their national organizations and affiliations.

What chance has the individual employer to deal effectively under governmental compulsion with such powerful unions and combinations of unions? Perhaps he has some chance theoretically or ideologically, but in reality none. The recent capitulation of the Ford Motor Company to the demands of the C.I.O. [Congress of Industrial Organizations] Automobile Workers Union is the factual answer, the realistic answer.

Mr. Ford for many years stood on the principle of a free and individual relationship between the company and its employees. Under Federal law and powerful union organization, he was at last compelled to surrender the principle and to sign a contract. The other major units of the industry had capitulated long before.

In such a situation, which is the weaker and which is the stronger—the individual automotive manufacturing companies or the one union on the other side? Obviously, the union with the single purpose and the single objective, able through its unity to play one employer against the other. What is the next step in labor relations? There seems to be only one answer—logical, natural, and necessary. It is the organization of employer units into federations to deal singly with the union or the unions with which each has to deal contractually.

It is a fact that the United States is well on the way along the road of employer-employee relations. And there are no present indications or valid reasons to justify a belief that it will turn back. On the contrary, the history of labor-employer organization in other democratic countries goes to prove that once this road is entered, there is no turning back. The necessities in themselves prevent it and, as a rule, neither organized employees nor organized employers want to turn back.

Here, then, is the problem. As one noted Western labor leader said to an employer who was protesting that the action of this leader's union was wrong, "It isn't a question of right or wrong—it's a question of what's necessary." That must taste like strong medicine to all Americans reared in the old traditions of individual freedom of action. It is strong medicine, but it is the medicine American industry is taking today and will probably have to take in the future.

Leaders of the automotive industry, are, I believe, quite capable of working out their own problems. That is demonstrably true of other industries which have been organized, regionally or nationally, for contractual relationships with unions claiming their employees as members.

In glass manufacturing, for instance, we have witnessed collective bargaining on a national scale. The paper-manufacturing industry of the Pacific coast has operated under regional collective-bargaining processes with success for some years. Several regional truck-operator units are in contractual relations with the Teamsters Union. One of them operates on a collective basis for wages and working conditions in 11 North Central States, affecting thousands of truck drivers and helpers. Nor should we overlook the railroads, which have long been federated regionally, even nationally, in their relations with railroad brotherhoods.

Experience today, limited as it may be in employer organization

# Should U. S. Employers Organize?



Photo: Gabriel

"Al" Roth, as legions of Rotarians know this Past International President, is president of the San Francisco Employers Council, recently headed ship owners and waterfront employers associations at the California port. He's a lawyer, was long the business manager of Stanford University, helped found the Palo Alto Rotary Club.

## Almon E. Roth

for collective action in labor relations, does not bear out the fears or criticisms of some that the establishment of such group organization for collective action by employers will develop class consciousness by setting up pressure groups. Such fears and criticisms fail to take into account several very obvious facts.

Labor, which is one party to this process, has long been organized into an effective pressure group, not only in matters concerning [Continued on page 52]

# Employers size?

Photo: Acme



To find out what makes the worker's mind tick, Whiting Williams walked out of the vice-presidency of a steel company in 1919 to become a laborer in mills and mines of America and Europe. He's an authority on employee and customer relations, writes books, lectures, is consulting editor for *Factory*; lives in Cleveland, Ohio.

## Whiting Williams

I AM IN the peculiar position of being for my friend Almon Roth and the San Francisco Employers Council, but *against* the idea that some sort of "National Employers Union" represents a practical and attractive solution of the labor problem in the United States.

Here's why:

1. The unionization of employers, whether in San Francisco or elsewhere, is a lot more difficult than it looks.

Membership calls for such a surrender of the manager's indi-

vidual independence that, if observation is worth anything, a very serious crisis is required before he is willing to act on the warning which, following the bad labor experience of a noncooperating fruit shipper, was used effectively in the Bay Region. "Learn from the humble banana: the moment it leaves the bunch, it gets skinned!"

Any reasonable man has to be for the "S.F.E.C." because it has, beyond question, done a first-class job—in ways made plain by President Roth's good statement. But the same local situation which gave opportunity for such splendid results furnished that required crisis. Given San Francisco Bay's specific variety of employee "action" and its threat of industrial ruin, there appeared slight chance of continued industrial existence except through the Council's kind of employer "reaction." As between annihilation and life, the choice was simple as for Uncle Remus's Br'er Rabbit who "jest had to climb a tree!"

In San Francisco's labor "action" and employer crisis the biggest factor has long been one Harry Bridges, assisted by various local C.I.O.-A.F. of L. complications. Whatever his "ideological affiliation," as he would probably call it, there can be no doubt that he has always followed—and is likely always to follow—that part of the "Party line" which demands that the leader must "never be satisfied! Always ask for more!" Without Bridges and his insatiable demands, it is surely an open question whether the Council and its gratifying record would have been possible.

Much the same sort of industrial, and civic, crisis was required to give birth to those National Employer Federations which have for some years operated in Britain and Sweden.

In the first named, the choice between hanging together or hanging with independence was posed and met by the national union of employers only after British labor, to demonstrate its powers, called its General Strike in 1926. It was after a similar

strike, called for a similar purpose in 1911, that the Swedish employers solved their problem in the same manner as did those in Britain and San Francisco later.

Now it can be rightly urged that, even though the United States has as yet encountered no crisis on the national scale comparable to San Francisco's, all American employers have nevertheless already suffered a huge measure of nationalization and delocalization of their labor problems. The National Labor Relations Act has made its slightest infraction in the smallest, remotest plant as important as if it occurred in Washington. And the national unions have installed a system of inter-local-communications which instantly spreads throughout the country the news of any plant manager's slightest defection or concession that can be made the basis for new demands thousands of miles away.

2. Nevertheless, I believe that further nationalization of the labor problem, whether via country-wide employer federations or otherwise, is sure to bring disappointment to employer and employee alike.

Just as the manager has to handle his daily production problem as mainly a local factory affair, so the heart of his human-relations problem is less to be found in the requirements of national wage and hours standards than in a multitude of *local intangibles*. For the most part, his troubles depend on the education, caliber, bents, and prejudices of his individual associates and foremen in daily contact with the same peculiarities of his individual workers and their leaders in his local plant and community. Unfriendly workers, standoffish relationships with them, and all-round inefficiency are sure to result if these local details are to be made constantly less and less significant by adding a National Employers Union to the present national labor legislation and the present national labor organizations.

Certainly a very forbidden portent of the probable result is furnished by the measure of delocalization now revealed in the handling of railway labor difficulties. The National Railway Adjustment Boards set up in Chicago by [Continued on page 53]



# Speak Kindly of the Coach



By Elmer F. Layden  
Commissioner, National Football League

Photos: (above and page 15) Chicago Tribune

**F**IVE minutes ago, Mr. American Football Spectator, your teeth were chattering like a typewriter keyboard. You would have been glad to swap your frosty 50-yard-line perch for a nice, warm, comfortable Eskimo igloo . . . now you're steaming with excitement.

After trailing, 6 to 0, for three quarters, your Blue team has driven past midfield down to the ten-yard line. It's anybody's ball game. You stand up for a better look at the tying touchdown. Already you can see that winning conversion tumbling through the uprights for an undefeated season.

Visions of bowl invitations dance in your head. The Sun Bowl at El Paso. The Cotton Bowl at Dallas. The Rose Bowl at Pasadena. The Sugar Bowl at New

Orleans. The Orange Bowl at Miami. The Pineapple Bowl at Honolulu. That's the nice thing about bowl games these days. They come in six delicious flavors like a certain gelatin dessert.

Two smashes at tackle gain only four yards. Third down now and six of the longest yards in football to go. What's the Blue coach going to do? *You* know what he ought to do. Just the other afternoon you were reading in the *Star-Telegram* that Joe Glumph, third-string left half, scored four touchdowns in a scrimmage against the freshmen. It's as plain as the lacing on the football that the coach should send in good old "Bullet Joe" Glumph to pull the game out of the ashes.

Ah—the coach *is* rushing in a substitute—No. 25. Wait a min-

ute! That's not Glumph—that's Whoosis, Jake Whoosis.

Whoosis throws two passes. Both plop uncaught into the end zone. The gun cracks. The game is over, Mr. Spectator, and your team lost.

You shove toward the exit mumbling about that so-and-such coach who didn't have sense enough to use "Bullet Joe" Glumph, the greatest runner—

And this is where I come in, Mr. Spectator, to ask you to speak kindly of the coach, at least until you have examined his work more thoroughly. By condemning the substitution of Whoosis you have put yourself on the Great American Football Jury which each Autumn decides the fate of coaches. As a jurymen, Mr. Spectator, you really ought to weigh



all the evidence before reaching your verdict—especially in sports. What you say helps form public opinion, and mistaken public opinion may force the replacement of a capable coach.

Before determining what evidence should be considered in evaluating the ability of a coach, let's return for a moment to Whoosis and Glumph. You were criticizing the strategy of the Blue coach. When it comes to criticizing strategy, spectators sometimes rush in where coaches fear to tread.

For instance, I can think of 1,001 possible reasons why our hypothetical coach did not use "Bullet Joe" Glumph. Here are two of them:

1. Glumph runs like Tom Harmon on sweeps to the right, but he is a stumbler on jaunts to the left. He scored four touchdowns against the freshmen by running wide around right end. Remember? Your Blue team was close to the right side line on third down. If the coach had substituted Glumph at that spot, Joe might have ended up selling peanuts in Section 17.

2. Glumph slipped on a cake of soap last night and sprained his ankle. Why do you suppose we installed those liquid-soap, squirt attachments on the shower-room walls at Notre Dame?

That's why my first rule for watching football is this: The coach knows more about the strategy of the game in progress and the capabilities of his players than any spectator—even the most erudite of football scholars—can hope to know.

Probably Glumph's coach substituted Whoosis because the situation demanded a passer, not a runner. Scouting reports indicated the enemy had a definite pass-defense weakness in the left flat zone. Therefore, the coach drilled Whoosis and the left end on short, flat passes. In the final practice session Whoosis completed ten straight. So what happened?

You were there, Mr. Spectator. The first Whoosis toss sailed three feet over the end's fingers. The second pass was accurate, but the end dropped the ball. Verily, the best-laid plans of coaches often are mousetrapped because highly

pitched youngsters fail to carry out game assignments which they fulfilled with ease in practice.

Here's an open secret of my trade: Good luck sometimes masquerades as strategy. Reminds me of a story. I was coaching at Duquesne University in Pittsburgh in 1928. Our big game was with Andy Kerr's Washington and Jefferson College team.

We had a pet pass play which, our scouts reported, just couldn't miss against "The Presidents." Fine! But there was one drawback. Our left end, Guirnién Joe Grier, the recipient of the football on this unstoppable (on paper) play, just couldn't catch a football.

"Concentrate, Joe, concentrate," I begged. "Keep your eyes on that ball. Don't think of anything else. When it comes up to your fingers, squeeze it tight. Above all, Joe, concentrate!"

Joe tried, but Joe seldom succeeded that last week of practice. Joe could block. Joe could tackle. But Joe treated a football as though it were a time bomb late for work.

The score was 6 to 6. Our ball on W. & J.'s 15-yard line. Fifty seconds left to play. We had Buff Donelli, the present Duquesne coach, in our backfield. Donelli not only was a fine fullback, but he also was one of the greatest soccer players in the United States. It would have been no trouble at all for Buff to boot a winning field goal—he was the deadliest place kicker I never had to teach.

Yes, it was the perfect spot for a field goal, but our quarterback had other ideas. While I fumbled the heart in my mouth, our left half, Ganzy Benedict, faded back to throw one of our unstoppable (on paper) passes.

Ganzy threw. Joe leaped. DiMaggio in all his baseball glory never made a finer catch. We won, 12 to 6.

Somebody sandbagged me

● ELMER LAYDEN learned football under the late Knute Rockne at Notre Dame, where he was one of the fabled Four Horsemen in 1923-24. As a successor to Rockne, 1933-41, he coached his squads to 47 victories, 13 defeats, 3 ties. These photos are studies of facial expressions as he followed his protégés from the side lines. While living in South Bend, Ind., he was a member of the Rotary Club. Last February he became the commissioner of the National Football League—the "czar" of professional football.



across the shoulders. My breath went with a whoosh. Ed Kemp, a substitute tackle, was registering admiration of my coaching prowess.

"Coach," he marvelled, "you really taught that boy some concentration."

Well, maybe I did, Mr. Spectator, but I really don't believe that my winning strategy was better conceived than the losing tactics of Joe Glumph's coach. Good luck and successful execution were on my side, that's all.

And because these intangible factors are not perceptible from a 50-yard-line seat, I suggest, Mr. Spectator, that you ignore strategy as evidence when you evaluate the ability of a coach. There are, however, other bits of evidence you can pick up while watching the coach's team perform.

Check his players on these points: Do they tire quickly or do they appear to be in good physical condition? Do they block hard and tackle crisply? Important points, both of them, because physical fitness and a mastery of fundamentals are the players' insurance against serious injury.

Are the players sportsmen? Do they play clean football? If they do, if they are alert, well-conditioned, proficient in fundamentals, I believe, Mr. Spectator, that all the evidence you can gather from your 50-yard-line seat points to the fact that you are examining a capable football coach.

I know what you're thinking. This isn't much evidence—and I agree. But the coach's work is not confined to the gridiron, not by many months of work each year.

You will have to follow him back to his office for a fuller evaluation of his work. Probably you'll find that as football coach, he also doubles as director of athletics. That means he prepares budgets and arranges schedules for all varsity teams; he supervises an intramural athletic program; and, probably, he teaches several classes each day in the school of physical education.

The average football coach is a busy man. He hasn't heard of the 40-hour week. Here's a familiar item in your sports page during the Winter months:

"William (Doc) Jones, head football coach at State College,

will be guest speaker tonight at an intercity Rotary dinner in the Henry Hotel. . . ."

If, Mr. Spectator, in your evidence-gathering rôle you were to accompany the average coach on his Winter rounds of the banquet league, I'm afraid you might be too tired by April to trail him into the whirl of Spring practice.

However, you might uncover some pertinent evidence. You might meet the boys (they're men now) who played for the coach five, ten, or twenty years ago. What kind of men are they?

When you find that out, Mr. Spectator, you will have, I believe, discovered the real value of the coach, for it is my contention that

### Why Coaches?

How should you measure a coach? There's no exact system, but Author Layden suggests that before you pass judgment you ask yourself:

1. Are his boys in good physical fettle, and do they know football?

2. Have they learned how to think and to act quickly in emergencies?

3. Are they good sportsmen? Can they take defeat as well as victory?

4. Does the coach fit into the community?

5. Do his teams win a fair share of their games?



a coach should be judged ultimately by the men he produces. Five years from now it will matter little whether Glumph ran for a touchdown or Whoosis completed a pass. The score will have been forgotten, but Whoosis may be your next-door neighbor.

Whether or not he is a good neighbor will depend to a large extent on how well the coach safeguarded his health, encouraged him to keep up in his studies, taught him the lessons of sportsmanship and teamwork. That's why I suggested earlier, Mr. Spectator, that you speak kindly of the coach, at least until you have examined his work thoroughly.

Coaches have their good-neighbor policy, too.

I believe you have all the evidence, now, Mr. Spectator—no, there is one thing more. Please keep in mind, as you weigh the evidence, that the coach has chosen a career which often involves financial sacrifice.

Let me explain. The coach supervises the competitive activity of—shall we say, conservatively—200 youngsters. I suppose any parent would put a \$10,000 price tag on a son. The coach, then, is responsible for 2 million dollars' worth of irreplaceable property. Also, he probably is charged with the administration of an athletic program whose yearly budget varies from less than \$25,000 (in high schools and small colleges) to more than one million dollars in large universities.

So here we have the coach the head man in a 2-million-dollar-plus enterprise. You would expect him to receive a salary that would cause some pencil sharpening in Secretary Morgenthau's Treasury Department. Why, there's a man on your street, Mr. Spectator, with an annual income of \$50,000 whose business grossed only 1¼ million dollars last year.

Actually, there are fewer than 50 coaches—all employed by large universities whose teams capture the football headlines—receiving from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year. In universities and colleges where responsibilities are smaller the salaries are smaller still. High-school coaches average less than \$3,000 a year. Invariably, Mr. Spectator, coaching salaries fall far below the salaries of men of comparative abilities and responsibilities in other professions.

Of course, there are compensations. Contacts with professors and students prove a daily intellectual stimulant. Frequently coaches continue their studies and earn their doctorates. And then there is the joy every coach gets from working with boys.

If a coach didn't like boys and like to work with them, he wouldn't have become a coach in the first place. Think that over, Mr. Spectator, some Saturday evening this Autumn after your favorite team has lost a tough football game and then—

Speak kindly of the coach.

# Less WOE in Shanghai

*The Rotary Club joins hands with the Salvation Army and the Municipal Council to solve the beggar problem.*

**I**NTO the large cities of China drain the miseries of a land worn by flood, drought, and war. Artisans without jobs and farmers far from the soil roam the streets, begging from more fortunate human beings money for food, clothing, shelter.

In Shanghai last year the situation was acute—and of great concern to the Rotary Club. Its 110 members, drawn from 14 nationalities, studied it, then set up a special Beggar Problem Committee to get action. A camp was proposed to take the unfortunates off the streets and to train them for relocation in community life.

The Municipal Council agreed to provide the ground and to finance the project in part from the voluntary amusement tax. The Rotary Club would be the clearinghouse for reception and disbursement of funds. The Salvation Army would administer the camp.

So the camp was built. These two candid photographs start a dramatic picture-told story of how this remarkable example of Community Service operates. The first shows two derelicts being roused from the sleep of exhaustion. In the next, they and others are being escorted through the streets to the camp. Now, turn the page—

Photos except otherwise indicated: P. P. C.







LARGE huts—24 of them—comprise the Beggars' Camp (left). Airy, weatherproofed, they are equipped with bamboo beds, will accommodate 1,900. The map shows the International Settlement at Shanghai, location of the camp.

Photos (left below) PIX



BOVE: A  
shoulder.

UPON ARRIVAL at the camp, beggars are registered and classified. Note the mask on a staff member. Filthy rags are destroyed, new clothes issued.



CLEAN AND CLAD, inmates partake of their varied diet of rice, vegetables, and cereals, found by experience to be nutritionally satisfactory. The little tot below concentrates on his bowl of rice.





ABOVE: A camp rule: All must work. Youngsters also lend a willing shoulder. Tradesmen are given an opportunity to ply their skills.

BELOW: Half work, half school, is the routine for juveniles at the camp. Carpentry, tailoring, bootmaking, and basket weaving train hands for economic usefulness.







VITAL to rehabilitation is good health. Gymnastics (above) are part of the daily program. A doctor and two nurses are on the administrative staff.

A PHOTO FINISH (below) marks a race in this day's sports events. It's fun with a purpose—to build strength into the bodies of these erstwhile gamins.

Photo: PMA



A TUG for seems a b





**A TUG for tots (above), with odds even—though the quartette on the right seems a bit worried. The onlookers are satisfied the best team will win.**

**AND WIN it did, handily! It is hard to believe—yet true—that these happy, clamorous youngsters were salvaged from Shanghai's teeming streets.**





Photos: (above & left below) PIX

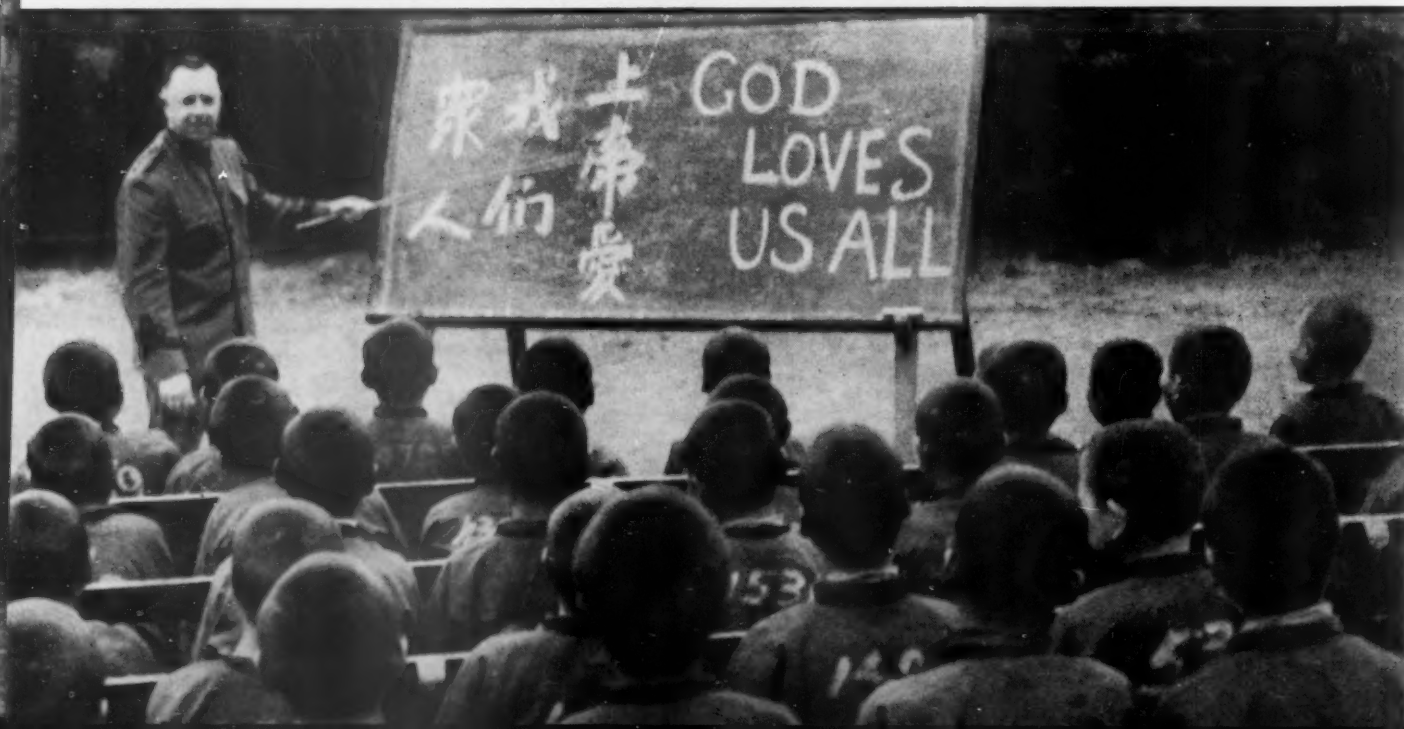
FEW BEGGARS are able to read, but they listen eagerly to those who can. Some speak Japanese and English, as well as their own mother tongue.



YOUNG AND OLD study arithmetic together under the direction of an experienced teacher. A course in Chinese phonetics was recently added.

BEGGARS needing hospital care are given the best of medical attention. Many of them suffer from running sores, skin diseases, or tuberculosis.

RELIGIOUS instruction also has a place, for the Salvation Army believes "there can be no permanent reformation without inward renewal."







Illustrations by  
John Norment

**B**UT IT WAS the best butter," Alice in Wonderland heard the Hatter tell the March Hare. He might instead have said, "It was *Epping* butter," for that was the best grade at the time.

Yet our London friends of 1850 knew not if the "Epping butter" for which they paid a premium were, in truth, a better grade or a worse. *Lancet*, a medical magazine, published this letter:

Sir—Having taken apartments in the house of a butterman, I was suddenly awoke at 3 o'clock one morning with a noise in the lower part of the house, and alarmed on perceiving a light below the door of my bedroom; conceiving the house to be on fire, I hurried downstairs. I found the whole family busily occupied and, on my expressing alarm at the house being on fire, they jocosely informed me they were merely making *Epping* butter. They unhesitatingly informed me of the whole process.

For this purpose they made use of fresh-salted butter of a very inferior quality: this was repeatedly washed with water in order to free it from the salt. This being accomplished, the next process was to wash it frequently with milk, and the manufacture was completed by the addition of a small quantity of sugar. The amateurs of fresh Epping butter were supplied with this dainty, which yielded my ingenious landlord a profit of at least 100 percent, besides establishing his shop as being supplied with Epping butter from one of the first-rate dairies. —I am, sir, your obedient servant,

A STUDENT.

Until 1855 there was no law in

England to prevent tradesmen from using adulterations in foods; in fact, there was nothing to prevent them from using poisons!

Imagine the work for a code of fair-trade practices then! In 1840 the Government legalized the use of chicory for adulterating coffee!

As soon as the sanction of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was given to this practice, the grocers began to mix chicory with coffee in great quantity—quite forgetting to inform the public of the nature of the mixture and to lower the price, as well. "Fine Mocha" often contained little coffee at all, being mainly chicory.

But, as "great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em," so it became harder and harder to get pure chicory with which to adulterate coffee! Mixed with the chicory would come roasted wheat, ground acorns, roasted carrots, scorched beans, roasted parsnips or beets, lupin seeds, burnt sugar, red earth, roasted horse chestnuts, and, oh, wonder!, baked horses' and bullocks' livers!

Many trades took refuge behind the cry of "accepted trade practice." Actually, many of the merchants didn't know they were doing wrong. Pepper, for instance,

was seldom pepper—most of the accepted grades were composed of some pepper with wheat flour, ground rice, ground mustard seed, or linseed meal. There was a grade known as "P.D.," which stood for pepper dust—the sweepings from pepper warehouses! But even this was too pure for some, for there was a "D.P.D." grade—"dirt of pepper dust," which was screenings of real pepper dust.

Bright green vegetables often owed their tasty look to varying quantities of poisonous copper salts. Pickles, marmalade, preserves, and jellies bloomed unblushingly with lethal quantities of metallic salts.

The medical profession was responsible for Britain's Adulteration of Food and Drink Act of 1860. The exposure of "Epping butter," already cited, in the *Lancet* was followed by more and gristlier data.

Doting parents who presented their children with sugar dainties were literally feeding them poison. Lucrezia Borgia never mixed more deadly trifles.

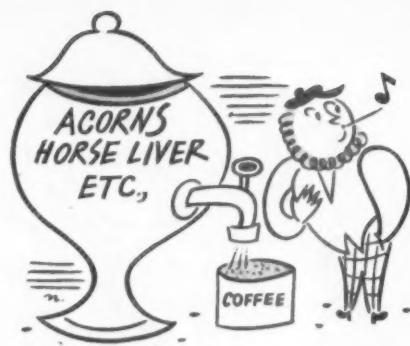
Here are a few analyses:

A fish, purchased in Shepherd's Market, May Fair—The tip of the nose and the gills of the fish are colored with the usual pink, while the back and sides are highly painted with that virulent poison, arsenate of copper.

A pigeon, purchased in Drury Lane —The pigments employed for coloring

By Bette Hughes





this pigeon are light yellow for the beak, red for the eyes, and orange yellow for the base or stand. The yellow color consists of the light kind of chromate of lead. The eyes are bisulphate of mercury, and for the stand the deeper varieties of chromate of lead or orange chrome.

Every analysis reveals at least one active poison; most of them show more. One bag of mixed sugar ornaments was found to contain four deadly poisons!

Many parts of the United States got accustomed to coffee substitutes during the Civil War, especially in the South, but it was compulsion, not choice!

The first United States law on foods was the Tea Inspection Act of 1897, which provided for standards of quality and purity and inspection to see that these were reached. The results, in part, were that in 1917 a book on adulterations included a section on coffee, with cereal and chicory especially mentioned, but not one mention of adulterants of tea!

The adulteration of tea is an easy matter—indeed, in the middle of the 19th Century a Parliamentary committee learned that the Briton's sacred breakfast and luncheon and supper staple was even worse than coffee in the "Nature-faking" processes.

Pure green tea is made from the finest leaves with a triple roasting that imparts a delicate "bloom" to the leaves. But pure green tea is expensive—black teas are much cheaper.

England was full of "tea factories" at which black tea, broken leaves, tea dust, dirt, and gum were worked into nodules to which a bloom was imparted by French chalk or turmeric plus black lead or Prussian blue.

Agents for at least eight of these factories were busy in London in 1843 buying used tea leaves from hotels, inns, clubs, and coffee-

houses at twopence-halfpenny to threepence a pound. Dried and mixed with various leaves such as sloe or hawthorne, these were sold as "pekoe." Is it any wonder that the curate, honored at his call by a spoonful of green, sometimes lay awake all night?

In the United States, while most States had their laws regulating foodstuffs, there was no Federal law until the Meat Inspection and the Food and Drugs Acts were passed in 1906.

Milk was commonly watered. The natural color is practically white with a delicate tint of



cream. But when thinned, it turns blue. To counteract this, a bag of annatto—a vegetable dye—was swished around the can, giving a yellow tint. People actually refused pure milk, believing it was watered because it wasn't yellow!

Milk was also adulterated with flour or starch, and the normal fermentative processes were halted by borax or formaldehyde. It was not unusual for doctors to be summoned hurriedly after the children had their morning or evening glass of milk.

It is to the honor of the doctors and druggists that they have kept their profession quite clean of adulterations by joining together to keep drugs of a known and constant strength and purity.

In the United States a military *Pharmacopoeia*—a list of drugs and their preparation, strength, and purity—was issued by the military hospital at Lititz, Pennsylvania, in 1778. In 1808 the Massachusetts Medical Society produced one based on the *Edinburgh Pharmacopoeia*, and tried to get all States to accept it. In 1817 a convention of men from all over the

United States produced the *United States Pharmacopoeia* (published in 1820) and made provision for a decennial revision. A new edition has appeared every ten years.

The committee which produces it is composed of representatives of medical societies, pharmacists societies, manufacturers of drugs, and practically every school of medicine and pharmacy.

But even this imposing galaxy was impotent to protect the public against those who, through ignorance or greed, produced misbranded or adulterated drugs. Therefore the original Food and Drugs Act gave legal protection; and since that has proved insufficient, the newer laws of 1935 and 1940 increased the protection of the public against misbranding, adulteration, and secret formulas.

Today, wherever we may be, we can be reasonably certain that we are getting a better break. Improved trade practices, from within the industries as well as from stringent laws, are protecting the consumer. If no law exists, there is usually a trade association with fixed rules, and possibly its own inspection bureau.

A recent report of the St. Louis, Missouri, Better Business Bureau revealed that the matter of fair quantity also exists. Cans marked "20 ounces" actually contained from 20¼ ounces to 21½ ounces—from one to 7½ percent overweight.

Yet the same report shows that in some regards there is room for improvement, for in almost one-third of the cases studied, the grade marking was too high—"A" grade was claimed by products that fell just short when tested.

There is still work for codes of fair-trade practice and trade associations to do!\*

\*See *You Must Do It Yourself*, by Richard E. Vernor, January, 1941, *ROTARIAN*.



# Defense Comes to One Family

By Alma Denny



"OUR MOTHER named her baby 'Victor Peace.' . . . Today Victor Peace is in uniform."

**Y**OU WOULD like them too, those five brothers of mine with draft numbers. We all grew up together and caught chicken pox from one another, just like any American family. Millard has had a false tooth right in front ever since the time he was 11 and Raymond's baseball bat slipped. Just the other day we were laughing about the life-size hobbyhorse Father bought us—the one with real dapple-gray horsehide. And the time we found a camera on the beach and spent half a day looking for the owner—and the nickel reward.

But why mention such things now? Today there is a war. Hell's "big shots" are on the tear. How did it all change? Our mother thought there would never be another war. She named her baby

"Victor Peace" because he came with the Armistice at the end of 1918. To her, one was just as real as the other. She was devout and poetic and saw lambs moving into lions' dens. . . . But today Victor Peace is in uniform in an Army camp because it wasn't victory and it wasn't peace.

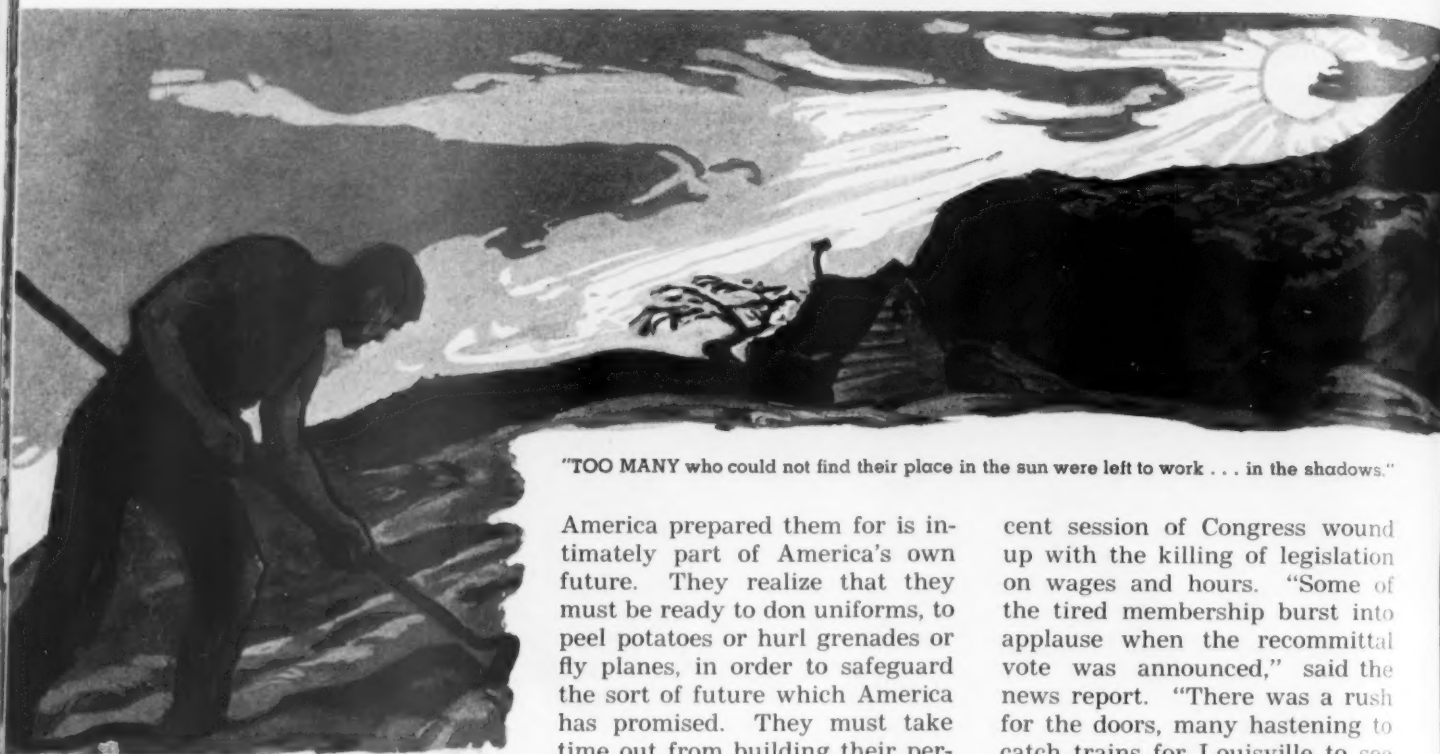
The boys were smart in school. Two were Phi Beta Kappa. Another was a letter man in basketball. Henry won a Pulitzer scholarship. After school they all moved along to good positions. They were beginning to think of ivy-covered cottages in Valley Stream where wives and babies and cocker spaniels wait for the 5:15 to pull in each evening.

But this is 1941 and people are comparing it to such milestones as 1066 and 1492. It's war "over

there"—and conscription here.

Ever since Mother and Father died, all of us children have met on New Year's Day in reunion. We come from all corners for the pleasure of counting noses. Seeing the family intact gives us each a cozy feeling. . . . But what happens now? Does it matter that Henry put over that deal for his firm, that Ronald has saved up enough for a car, that Millard's hay fever was very mild last Summer? Does a bomb care about such things?

Is this the end of hope? Perhaps we are at grips with another of those complete cataclysms such as the Flood, or Sodom and Gomorrah. Maybe the world is being destroyed because it is wicked and decadent. Will only a few righteous remain to start all



"TOO MANY who could not find their place in the sun were left to work . . . in the shadows."

over? I don't think so. There are trees in Autumnal glory today on American hillsides. They stand for hope. They remind us that there are such trees over there, too—even in Poland. Just as if nothing happened between one Spring and another Spring. They proclaim that there are laws in this universe, immutable and supreme, to supersede the pronouncements of puny men, pompous with guns. Mad little men have always tried to upset the Great Plan, but in the end it has swallowed them, bombs and all, and continued to unfold.

My brothers know why. It is because the Great Plan is for free-men, and deep inside, deep in their chromosomes, men love to be free. That is why liberty may be drugged and silenced, but never killed off.

They were never able to see things so clearly before. Democracy was handed to us on a silver platter without our batting an eyelash for it. It was a big, round, pretty word that meant public schools, freedom of religion, and firecrackers on the Fourth of July. We took it for granted, like hot cereal for breakfast in the Wintertime. We had never been without it.

Now suddenly my brothers know that the "future" which

America prepared them for is intimately part of America's own future. They realize that they must be ready to don uniforms, to peel potatoes or hurl grenades or fly planes, in order to safeguard the sort of future which America has promised. They must take time out from building their personal careers and roll up their sleeves in behalf of their country's career. It is just parentheses—while they pitch in for a nasty job that must be done.

My brothers have a love—not just a churchy love, nor romantic love, but a *dynamic* love—for the American hope which gave them such a happy childhood and now needs their faith and enthusiasm. They hear the call for builders to defend America against the grumblers who, because of its mistakes, would scrap it for a robot dynasty.

**L**OVING the American hope so deeply, my brothers are not blind to the errors which have held it back and which crisis now brings to the foreground so glaringly. They accept part of the responsibility for the errors, too, because American democracy gave them the last word on what should be done. They were the electorate who chose judges and mayors and senators. Actually, though, they let a few diligent politicians choose the judges and mayors and senators. They let pressure groups have the last word on what should be done. They—the real electorate—would have had a hard time naming their Congressman.

Consequently, men were able to rise to leadership who mouthed a love for democracy, but strangled it slyly in their own way. A re-

cent session of Congress wound up with the killing of legislation on wages and hours. "Some of the tired membership burst into applause when the recommittal vote was announced," said the news report. "There was a rush for the doors, many hastening to catch trains for Louisville to see the Kentucky Derby." Were any of those the legislators who are now so vehement about workers taking things into their own hands by striking?

We are grateful to America for our happy home and yet sorry that there could not be more happy homes in our midst. There were too many men without jobs, too much sickness, too much worry. Too many who could not find their place in the sun were left to work out their problems alone in the shadows. Our democracy built more alcoholic wards each year and handed out more Christmas baskets, because we could not get around to removing the abuses which produce beaten men. We were unable to set up the strong props which help men to help themselves. After a while some of these unhappy people no longer wanted to help themselves, much less this democracy. The better democracy will stay close to these men and lead them, through their own special skills, into the warmth of society's acceptance.

Happy homes like ours are indeed a nation's strength. And homes, as well as nations, can be happy only on give-and-take terms, with the accent on the give. Supreme among joys is the joy of sharing. Serving a juicy steak to everyone at the table makes our own piece taste doubly good. And



our home can stay happy only when there is better living for all around us. Better living for all? That sounds like old Americanism from 'way back before greed stepped in and bungled things. That old American promise is not gone—just mislaid, temporarily.

We are grateful to America for schools, but sorry that some of them taught books and not children. Too many prepared us for examinations and not for life. Good, hard thinking was rarely necessary. Teachers poured notes into us and we poured them right back at the end of the semester. We didn't mind being told exactly what to think and whom to quote. It was comfy, snug, and safe. We might even have learned *mistakes*, for all the trouble we took to check. We were like Peter (Peg-leg) Stuyvesant's soldiers in Maxwell Anderson's play, who were reviewed by their leader. When he scolded, "No, not like that! Like this," they copied his stride, limp and all. We hope the schools will soon pick up their share of the job of turning out thinking men rather than ditto marks.

We are grateful for freedom, yet concerned lest America permit freedom to destroy freedom. Aren't we coddling those who would destroy us, all in the name of freedom? There are men who accept democracy's pension checks and secret ballots, yet spend their week-ends at Camps for Hyphenated-Allegiances, drinking to democracy's downfall—over full-strength beer!

This is a land of people who, at some time in the family history, ran away from hate. This is a

land of rebels who sought the fresh start, of fugitives from hate who want none of it. There is still room here for decent people to live side by side in contentment. No one must crowd the other out to survive; no one dare blame his failure upon the presence of the other. Hate is handy for those who are at the end of their rope and find it lurking there. They use it to hang on to life with. Here, however, we can still offer them hope, despite those among us who are without vision and who weigh down our efforts like barnacles on a barge.

**S**O VICTOR PEACE is in a new business down there in Georgia—the democracy business. And the rest of the boys are taking their vitamins, reading good books, and still making pretty plans. They are calm and circumspect about the future. They know it will be what they make it and they await the gong.

Momentary sadness touched me, though, when I saw Victor Peace in khaki, for I wondered why uniforms were reserved only for *this* kind of fighting. What would happen if we bestowed comparable glamour upon our young explorers, scientists, and inventors? Nothing seems able to set sluggish blood atingle, to turn tea parties into sewing circles, like war and its trimmings. Why not blow bugles and wave flags for the farmer who conquers the boll weevil? How about parades with confetti and drums to celebrate the victory over pellagra? Perhaps we ought to save a few Congressional medals for leaders in

the march against poverty, ignorance, crime. There are always fighting to be done and brave men to do it, only in peacetime it is man against common dangers, not man against man. Why not dramatize that kind of fighting, too?

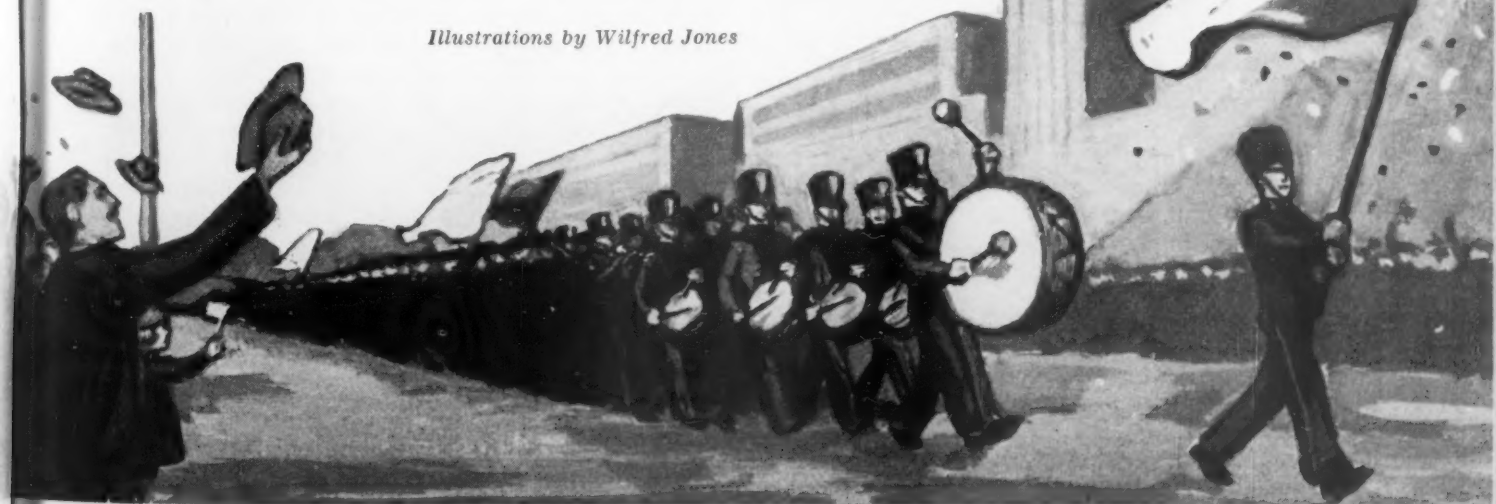
They are making quite a person out of Victor Peace. He has learned plenty of new tricks, such as making his own bed and doing the *rumba* with Stanislaus from Nanticoke. He can take orders easily, too. Of course, he still feels a bit sick at the thought of really *using* that bayonet they have given him, but we tell him that when you're in the jungle you're glad you learned jungle talk.

Today there is a war. Tomorrow there will be a different world. There will be no tomorrow for my brothers unless it is a better world. It must be a small interdependent world where the shoe man in Massachusetts is concerned about the famine in Japan.

We have a front-row seat during the arduous travail. We listen to the agonized cries of birth. What will it be? A world of peace? No, more than that—a world of conscience, at last.

"HOW ABOUT parades with confetti and drums to celebrate the victory over pellagra?"

Illustrations by Wilfred Jones



# 70 Percent Is Not Passing

By J. P. McEvoy

Author—Father and Grandfather

*Not in the school of life, holds this author, so he planned an unconventional education for his own son.*

**M**Y schoolteacher father used to complain that too many people thought they knew all about something if they just knew its name. They could tell you that a window is made of glass, but 99 out of 100 of them couldn't tell you what glass is made of, or why we can see through it. "If you ask *enough* questions," he would say, "you can start with anything—a match or a bug or a cup of water—and your curiosity will take you through every field of knowledge. Before you are finished you will have acquired a liberal education in history, mathematics, geography, and science."

Years later when I had a boy of my own, I remembered this. Experience had taught me something else: that merely learning the names of things and parroting them back to the teacher might get me 70 percent passing grades in school, but that in the big world after school, a lawyer either wins his case or loses it, a doctor's patient either gets well or doesn't. In life nothing below 100 percent is passing.

Because I felt that our school system put a premium on "just getting by," I took over my own boy's education when he was 6. My objective was fairly simple. At the age of 21 I wanted him to have skills by which he could support himself. These skills should be a part of his real interests, and should help him to build a life rather than merely to make a living.

Dennis was a bright, inquisitive youngster, always asking questions which I was careful not to answer. Instead, I bought him a children's encyclopedia and taught him to look up the answers for himself. Then I would let him instruct me, which made him feel superior. This method gave him a flying start on the fundamentals of self-education: A—Keep your curiosity alive. B—Learn where to find the answers. C—Use your

new-found knowledge as soon and as often as you can. D—Make this knowledge a part of yourself by teaching it to someone who hasn't got it—as Samuel Johnson put it, "You clarify your notions when you filtrate them through other people's minds."

My son's first school was a progressive kindergarten where he learned to be a French general with a charcoal mustache and sing the leading rôle in a dramatization of a nursery song. He learned French early and without an accent, so the next Summer I took him with me to France and boarded him on a farm in Normandy while I went about my business. When I called in the Fall to bring him home, he had forgotten his English and could speak nothing but French. "This is part of his education," I explained to friends who chided me for parking so young a child in a foreign country. "All his life he's going to be meeting strangers, and he can't learn how too soon. And it doesn't cost any more than a Summer at camp!"

**A**S I travelled around the world on business, I always took my small son with me. This not only taught Dennis his geography better than any school could do, but was invaluable in teaching him to live with children of other lands, to adapt himself to new sights, scunds, tastes, and customs. For example, helping his young friends on the Normandy farm to raise snails for market, cured him early and painlessly of any prejudices about snails as food. When he enjoyed eating raw fish and seaweed in Japan, the tourists were horrified, but the Japanese were flattered.

This constant travel used to surprise people who forgot that in the old days boys used to help their fathers around the farm, in the village store or blacksmith shop, learning useful trades and acquir-

ing an education without realizing it. Dennis never really knew when he started learning to write—he soaked it up through his pores.

It disturbed my well-meaning friends that I jumped Dennis around from school to school, changing him sometimes as often as twice a year. But, as every father knows, a bright boy soon learns the teacher's system, then spends the rest of his time sliding by without any effort. Learning how to outfox a new set of teachers each year is a liberal education in itself.

I never tried this business of "being a pal" to Dennis, because, while any boy wants to grow up to be a man—and will some day—he knows that you won't want to be a boy and couldn't anyway. Interesting your son in what *you* are doing is your best bet, for he knows you're not really interested in what he's doing. And your clumsy efforts to insinuate yourself into his small but special world fill him with embarrassment.

At 10 Dennis, like most boys, thought it manly to be dirty and appealed to me when his step-mother and older sister tried to clean him up. My sympathy in this predicament so convinced him of my understanding that he was easily persuaded to go to military school, not realizing that he was letting himself in for a life that would consist principally of washing and polishing. Here he found that the older boys he looked up to, boys who could jump higher, run faster, outfight and outfrolic him, didn't consider it sissy to be prompt and orderly. He stayed in military school two years, long enough to discipline his body, but not to regiment his mind.

It was about this time that I broke the news to him that henceforth he could expect only two weeks' Summer vacation. "I am

sorry to be the first to tell you this," I said, "but as long as you live, I seriously doubt that you'll ever have a job that gives you a three months' vacation. Your father"—and here I let my voice quaver—"doesn't get any vacation. So this Summer you can start preparing yourself for life by learning one new subject thoroughly." He learned how to build himself a house in the woods, doing all the sawing, hammering, and estimating, under the supervision of a neighboring craftsman.

The following Summer he started on jujitsu and spent the entire three months being thrown from every conceivable angle by a husky Japanese. This gave him painful but valuable proof that unless you do a thing exactly right you get hurt, that in jujitsu, as in life, you are the architect of your own misfortune—and 70 percent is not passing. But, even more important, it made him aware that he could take care of himself in an argument, and there

is nothing that contributes more to poise and self-confidence.

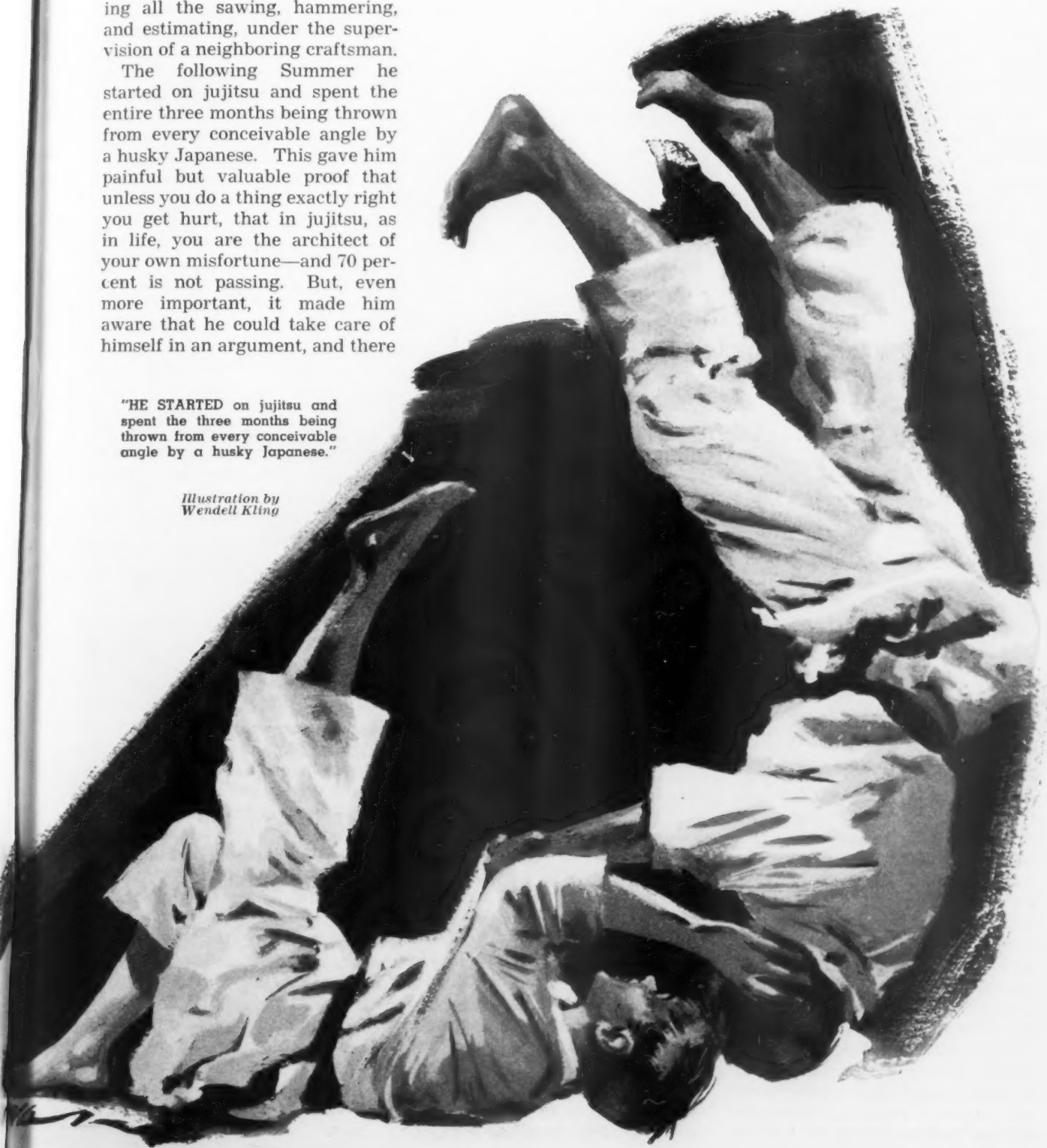
As everything Dennis picked up broke in his hands, it was apparent at an early age that he would not grow up a scientific or mechanical genius. But almost as soon as he could talk, he started making speeches and telling stories to other children and showed an unusual facility for

language. So, obviously, his schooling had to be planned to develop him along these lines.

For his 12th birthday I gave him a typewriter, exacting the promise that he wouldn't hunt and peck with two fingers as I did, but would learn the touch system. He promised readily enough, but I shall never forget the look of betrayal that came over his face

"HE STARTED on jujitsu and spent the three months being thrown from every conceivable angle by a husky Japanese."

*Illustration by  
Wendell Kling*





when he opened the case of his new portable and discovered that all the keys were blank. "But I can't use this! There aren't any letters," he wailed. "The touch system," I reminded him. "Remember?" He never forgot.

When he was 14, I sent him alone to a Spartan school in Germany where everybody was up at 6, took ice-cold showers, and ran a half mile before breakfast. I wanted him to add German as a working tool to his equipment, and I also thought it an excellent way for him to learn his American history. Being the only American, he had a lot to explain, such as, "Why did you send an army over here to kill Germans?" and, "What do you mean by democracy?" In almost every mail I got frantic pleas for more American-history books. He earned pocket money by organizing classes in touch typing and jujitsu.

Another Summer he spent mornings taking monkeys' temperatures for Dr. Zuckerman, a brilliant Rockefeller Fellowship scientist at Yale Medical School. This apprenticeship to an exacting doctor opened Dennis' eyes to the importance of accuracy and to the scientific method.

At 16 Dennis was ready for college, but I wasn't. Believing that every boy should work for a year between high school and college, to gain independence and to get a foretaste of the real world, I suggested that he find himself a job and live by himself while he held it. I had early made it a practice when Dennis lived away from home to send him the money and let him take care of his own bills. If he spent it all the first week, he could starve the rest of the month. It was just as important for him to learn how to spend money as how to earn it. He started in as an office boy and cub reporter for the San Francisco *Examiner*, paying all his bills out of his weekly salary. His languages and travel made the water-front beat a cinch. Dr. Zuckerman's training had schooled him in accuracy. In a few months he was a full-fledged reporter and loving it.

About this time I got an assignment to write a series of articles from the Far East and asked Dennis to come along. I was convinced that an important part of

the world's history for the next 50 years would be written there, and that an early start on learning the languages and customs of the people at firsthand would equip my son to be one of the best-informed leaders of his generation. It was agreed that he would go to Tokyo, live at the Y.M.C.A., enroll in the language school, start learning Japanese, and carry on his jujitsu. We figured out his living expense for six months—about \$10 a week.

My friends were horrified. "A 16-year-old boy all alone in one of the wickedest cities in the world!" But I explained that already Dennis had taken care of himself with complete success in Hollywood, San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Paris, and Berlin. He was going to Tokyo to learn new lessons in handling responsibility, as well as Japanese. If he made mistakes, that, too, would be experience.

Six months in Japan matured him appreciably and focused his life interest. He decided to be an authority on the Far East. Now he had a real reason for going to college, and we discussed the pos-

passed the entrance examinations satisfactorily.

As a freshman, he was selected to represent the University at the International Student Conference in Tokyo, and when he finished last June, he was granted a three-year fellowship by the Rockefeller Foundation to do a series of textbooks interpreting the Far East for American schools.

As I write this, he is covering the Far East for the Chicago *Times* with his headquarters in Singapore. His fluency in French, German, Japanese, and more recently acquired Chinese and Russian are the tools of his everyday work—in which 70 percent is *not* passing.

Obviously, this same plan cannot be applied to every boy. It fitted mine because it was tailored for him. His best friend, who as a boy made wonderful model airplanes, got his education as an apprentice at an airport, where he learned all about airplanes by first cleaning them, then repairing them, flying them, and finally designing them. As he went along, he discovered for himself what he needed to know about mathematics, science, and other college subjects and managed to learn it in a third of the usual time because he was really interested. Today at 22 he is a top technical advisor for the R.A.F.

Dennis' education sounds terribly expensive. As a matter of fact, most of it cost very little and a lot of it cost nothing at all. He travelled third-class steamer and train abroad and by bus at home. True, private schools anywhere cost more than public schools, but today public schools are much better than they used to be, and if I were doing the job again, I would use them more because I would know how to supplement them by intensive tutoring which costs practically nothing. Your boy is an individual unlike any other individual, and his education should fit him. That is your job and your responsibility. An individual job means that you will have to spend time and thought, but with radio programs, educational movies, and the wealth of tutoring and apprenticeship opportunities that are open today, any parent can equip his son for life with the same success.



## About McEvoy

He started his writing career at 15 as a newspaper sports editor—since then he has written plays, revues, novels, radio programs, travel articles. His series "Father Meets Son" was widely acclaimed. This article complements "How I Educated My Son," by A. Father, in "The Rotarian" for June. His hobby: five-year plans for self-improvement; favorite sport: trying to find where he has mislaid them.

sibilities for days and nights on end. Finally we decided on the University of Chicago.

"I have to stay over here at least another year," I told him as I put him on the boat at Yokohama. "Go back to Chicago and get yourself in there if you can." It was a crucial test of my program, for his informal schooling had left him without a number of the required credits. But he



# Across Canada by Car

Planes fly on schedule across the Dominion and two rail lines link East and West, but not until the Trans-Canada Highway is done can motorists cross the continent. . . . This is No. 2 in a series: last month's article told of the Pan-American Highway; the next one will be on the proposed highway to Alaska.

By **Stanley C. Forbes**

*Automobile Distributor, Brantford, Ont., Canada*

Photos: (pages 31-33) James Montagnes

**I**N THE far-western Canadian city of Victoria is a medal awaiting the first motorist to cross Canada from East to West by automobile. For 30 years this award has gone unclaimed.

But with the completion of the last gap in the Trans-Canada Highway, possibly before the present year is out, the A. E. Todd Medal, established by the Victoria Automobile Club, will find a claimant. For the Trans-Canada Highway will enable Canadians—and many of the 4 million tourists who visit Canada each year—to drive all the way across the Dominion without dipping into the United States, or taking a ferry on the Great Lakes.

Many have tried; none, so far as is known, has succeeded. There is the story of the motorist who started west from Halifax in 1930, bent on getting through. He made good progress, it is reported, until he came to northern Ontario (above Lake Superior). At this point he added to his baggage a light tent, portable radio, two axes, equipped himself with guns, stowed aboard his car some canned food and extra gasoline, and, with a guide who was also a lumberjack, headed into the bush. But the virgin forests, rock, muskeg, and an array of countless rivers and lakes defeated him. He couldn't get through.

Inspired by a growing tourist trade which, during 1940, brought 14 million persons into Canada and, during 1939, swelled Dominion coffers with 275 million dollars (164 million net after subtracting the amount spent by Canadians elsewhere), and moved by home defense needs, the Provinces of Canada have worked doggedly to finish the road. Through the past Spring and Summer contractors labored over the 125-mile stretch in northern Ontario that marks the last uncompleted link in the Trans-Canada Highway. Their work, at last reports, was almost completed.

Trans-Canada, portions of which





have long been in use, will present to the autoist one of the most amazingly varied panoramas to be found anywhere in the world. Mountain peaks, ranch and wheat lands, and ocean shores will be opened to the easy intimacy of exploration by automobile. Interesting fishing villages of the maritime East . . . refined, Old World river cities rich in Canadian culture and tradition . . . hardy, busy farm and industrial folk of the Midwest . . . mountaineering people living the pioneer life—all of these will the transcontinental road bring nearer.

The Trans-Canada Highway promises well. Aside from serving tourists it will, with time, supplement water, rail, and air transport to an area of North America greater than the United States. It will facilitate the delivery of fish from ocean areas and the myriad inland lakes; it will improve the movement of wheat in the world's great breadbasket of Alberta and Saskatchewan. Added facilities will be provided for those developing the rich gold, silver, nickel, and other mines; for those in lumbering; for the great fruit-growing sections of the West. Not the least

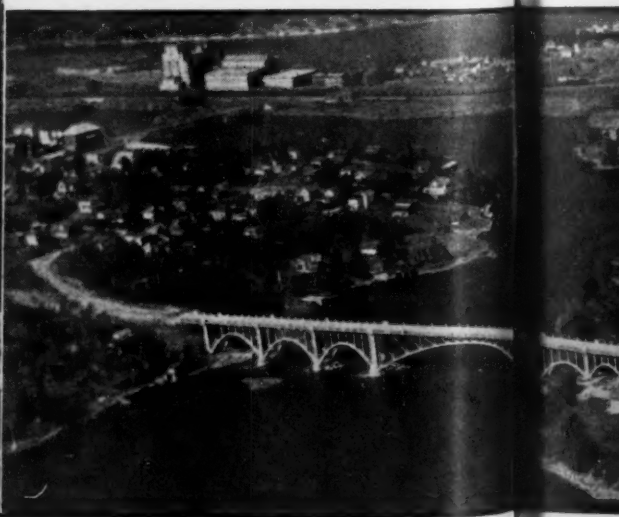
important, it should prove a boon to the vast, growing resort areas.

Begin your Trans-Canada trip from the water front in Vancouver. It isn't long before you are winding into the snowcapped mountains which form the backdrop of this city of the year-round roses, at the western end of the route.

You go through New Westminster, where the Pacific-coast highway from the United States meets the Canadian road; you climb through towns still salty with the anecdotes of the gold-rush era, to Kamloops. You go through more mountainous country to Revelstoke National Park, a world above the clouds, one of the scenic wonders along the way.

From this point begins an awesome stretch of road that took 11 years and the utmost engineering ingenuity to build: the Big Bend Columbia Highway. Big Bend, fol-

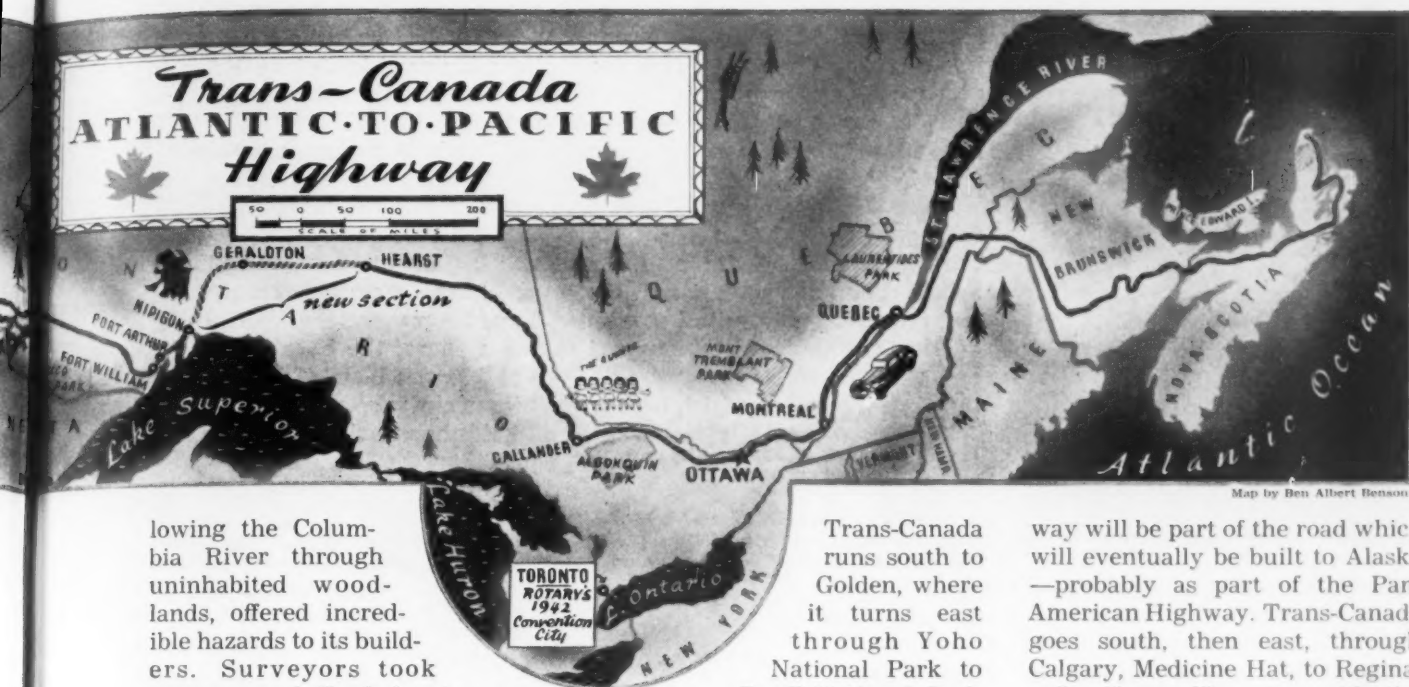
**THE LAST LINK**, now a-building, on Canada's new highway will tie the coast to the interior. The autoist can roll nonstop from coast to coast if he wishes. The won't be a dry spot on the route. Ontario lakes (below) will arouse the angler in his And Nova Scotia





# Trans-Canada ATLANTIC-TO-PACIFIC Highway

SCALE OF MILES  
0 50 100 200



Map by Ben Albert Benson

lowing the Columbia River through uninhabited woodlands, offered incredible hazards to its builders. Surveyors took canoes and York boats through foaming mountain rapids; in places, the road was blasted out of forest-covered mountains. Temporary bridges had to be built from timbers on the spot, and replaced as steel bridge sections were drawn over them.

For 193 miles the Big Bend Columbia Highway goes through virgin territory; it passes through some of the finest stands of timber in Canada—giant cedars with butts six to ten feet in diameter; spruce towering 150 feet upward. It crosses turbulent streams feeding the Columbia River; the Columbia itself is crossed by truss bridges 270 feet long.

With the Big Bend traversed,

way will tie together sections long in use. Then the motorist won't. Alberta beauties (left) will stop him. Bridged and Nova Scotian shores (right) will not encourage hurry.

Trans-Canada runs south to Golden, where it turns east through Yoho National Park to Banff National Park at Lake Louise, one of the most graceful spectacles Canada has to offer. Lake Louise is often called the "most perfect of all settings"; it is a shimmering beauty of changing color from the snowcapped peaks, from Victoria Glacier, from green forest slopes.

From this point one drives for a short way along the Banff Jasper Highway, considered one of the most spectacular on the continent. The road climbs through two mountain passes 7,000 feet up; it is surrounded by peaks stretching 11,000 feet above sea level. Incidentally, the Banff-Jasper High-

way will be part of the road which will eventually be built to Alaska—probably as part of the Pan-American Highway. Trans-Canada goes south, then east, through Calgary, Medicine Hat, to Regina.

Or, if you like, stay with the Banff-Jasper, going north, and see the great glacial-ice deposit called the Columbia Ice Fields, whose waters, as the ice melts, feed rivers flowing into three oceans: the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Arctic. This route will take you east and south by way of Edmonton, and so to Regina.

Leaving the Rockies, Trans-Canada makes the trek through the vast wheat lands of Saskatchewan and Manitoba. It is a country which is beautifully scenic, as only long stretches of prairie farm lands and the blue sky of the North can be. There is a choice of





Callander. You can now, if you are Conventionbound,\* dip down into southern Ontario to Toronto; or you may continue, with Trans-Canada, east to Ottawa, the Dominion capital, and the charming city of Montreal.

From Montreal, Trans-Canada takes you to Quebec, and so into the Maritime Province of Nova Scotia. You are, again, in a scenic and oceanside playground section of North America. A thousand opportunities offer fun—golf, fishing, boating, even night life, or

\* Rotary International will hold its 33rd annual Convention at Toronto, June 21-25, 1942.

just sight-seeing. But more than this, Quebec and the maritimes, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, present an aspect of Old World culture unique in North America, whether in quiet, aging sea and inland villages, or in select museums.

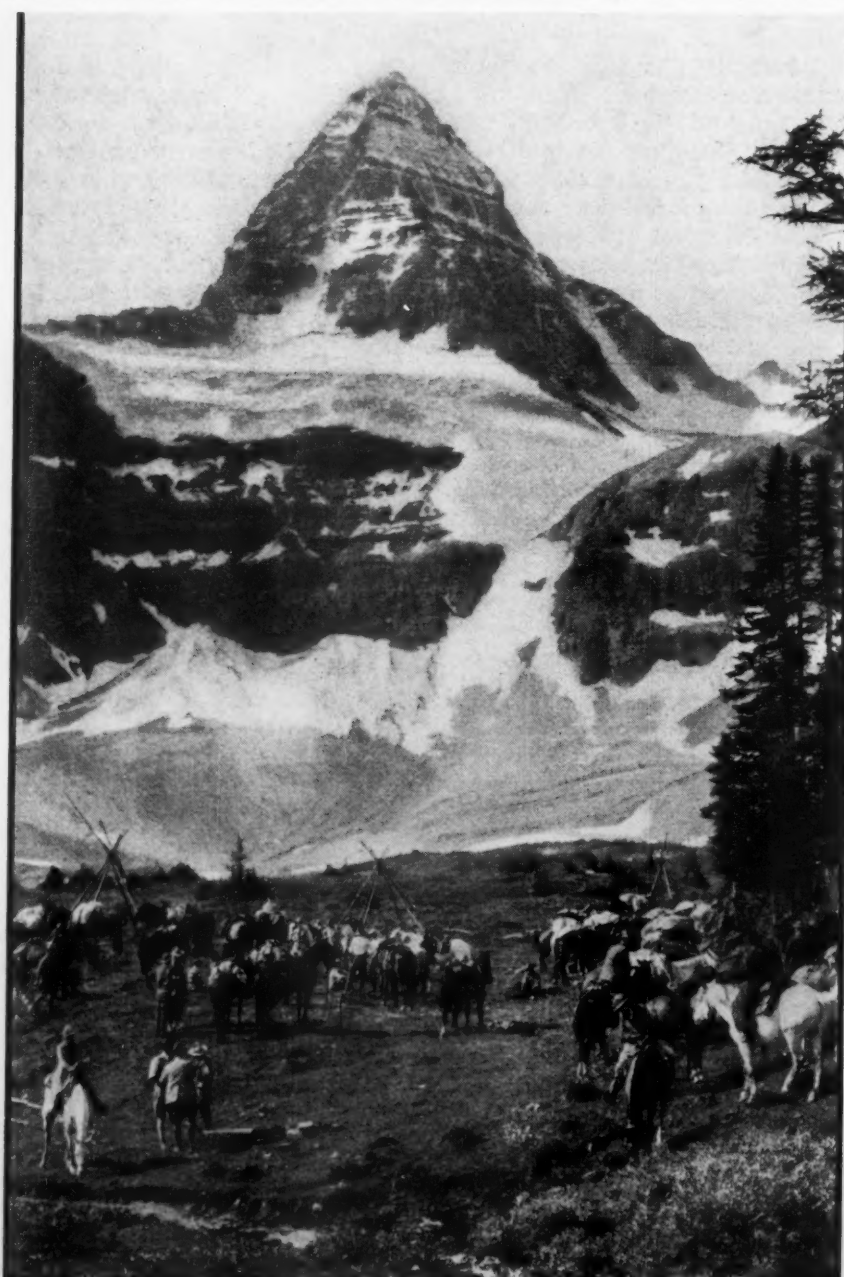
For this is a part of Canada which claims to be the birthplace of North American civilization. Two languages, the cultures of two nations, the French and the English, are blended here. It is, in some ways, a land more Old World than the French, more Empire than the British.

TOURISTS of historical bent who hit the Trans-Canada Highway will want to tarry at this little church which marks the site of the Acadian village immortalized by Longfellow's poem *Evangeline*. Or a stop at an Assiniboine Indian camp (below) may lure them.

a number of routes to Brandon, Portage La Prairie, and Winnipeg.

One is, by now, on the threshold of the "land of a million lakes." From Winnipeg, Trans-Canada runs eastward to the Lake of the Woods, some of the best canoeing country in the world. Ontario (above Lake Superior) has long been known to tourists interested in specialized forms of sport, like hunting, camping, and, above all, fishing. (It is said that some of the tallest fish stories in the world originate here.) Trans-Canada will open the upper stretches of Ontario to the enjoyment of millions of everyday people less venturesomely inclined.

From the Lake of the Woods, with its 16,000 islands, you move eastward to Fort William and Port Arthur, once famous for fur and mining, now great wheat ports on Lake Superior. You follow the lake to Nipigon, then strike into the bush to Geraldton. Go east to Hearst over the last-built link in the Trans-Canada Highway, the one being completed this year. Move along older roads down to North Bay through the gold country, where many mines have been opened recently. North Bay, incidentally, is at the back door of the famous Dionnes, in



Photos: (top left) Nova Scotia Bureau of Information; (above) Canadian Pacific Railway



# A Toot for Institutes!

By **Manoah Leide-Tedesco**

*Symphony Conductor and Composer*

**A**S A BOY in my home town of Naples, Italy, I saw Buffalo Bill's one and only Wild West Show, and dreamed dreams known only to boyhood. Ah! To follow the sea trails pioneered by my countryman, old Christopher Columbus, and to ride with the Sioux over Western plains on a buffalo chase! As a student and young man, my enthusiasm for America deepened with an understanding of the opportunity it gives for the individual to find himself, culturally as well as economically.

So, 11 years ago I became an American—by choice. The enchantment lent by distance in my youth has given way to a loyalty born of familiarity. As I have talked and worked with people from Portland to Portland, the realization has come that here, between the Atlantic and the Pacific, we are brewing a new civilization from the contributions of all races and nations. It is a privilege to have a part in it.

Out of America's Midwest has come Rotary, a movement so rooted in the universal desire of people to be friends that it has

become widely international within a generation. And out of Rotary has come its Institutes of International Understanding, a lusty five-year-old giant.

Let me tell you about our Institutes, as I see them from a speaker's vantage point. They are forums, sponsored and conducted in communities by groups of influential business and professional men banded together in Rotary Clubs. Dr. Herbert W. Hines, a member of the Secretariat of Rotary International, arranges with the District Governor to supply the four speakers. The Club does the financing (only \$250, which often is made up by admission charged). And the entire community is invited to listen to the discussion and to ask questions.

What are the subjects? Last year the general topic was the same as a series of articles in *THE ROTARIAN*: "Preparing for a Poorer (Post-War) World." This year it is "Our World Neighbors." Are people interested? Judge for yourself from the fact that 193 Institutes last year had a total audience of more than one million



Photo: Hollenbeck





TYPICAL of Institute speakers is Author Leide-Tedesco, conductor, composer, critic, and lecturer. Music lovers both in Europe and the United States know him well.



WALTER B. PITKIN, psychologist, author of more than a score of books, including *Life Begins at Forty*, has taught journalism at Columbia University for 30 years.



Photo: Wallinger

ALLEN D. ALBERT, Past President of Rotary International, is a sociologist who has specialized since 1906 in programs of city development. His home: Paris, Ill.

persons! And this year some 300 Institutes will be held in the United States—with, perhaps, a circuit of Institutes to be arranged throughout Latin-America.

Whenever I drop in on a new community as a speaker, I have the same feeling of animated suspense I experience when, in my professional rôle, I step to the podium to conduct a symphony orchestra. A new adventure! Old baggage of false pretense has been checked. I am to meet people seeking new ideas, people eager with hope.

**I**T IS, let us say, Institute day—in any town. The chairman meets the train, and as we go over details in his home, one would be callous not to sense the enthusiastic anticipation of the men who have devoted time and energy to meticulous planning. The next morning there is a talk to the high school. Probably a luncheon with a committee—and a pleasant get-together with more of the men who do things in this town. Conversation is lively, realistic.

Next, like as not, there is a restful motor tour of the city and country. Then a dinner, and the long walk to the platform with the speaker's stand and the inevitable pitcher of ice water. Maybe there are men whose spines don't tingle as they face expectant faces. Maybe there are men who, having many times talked in public, walk to the stand with complacency. I am not one of them. And knowing many of my fellow Instituturs, I should say each of them has a dis-

tinct thrill, feels a definite challenge as he "takes over" following the chairman's introduction.

After you've given of your best, then come the questions. They are frank and searching. Somehow, it is like having your finger on the quivering pulse of a nation to listen to the questions as they filter up through the folk in front of you. Bankers, doctors, lawyers, housewives, and students. My heart goes out when the questioner is a boy, his voice frozen by embarrassment and apt to zoom to unexpected treble heights.

Your Institute speaker comes prepared to present certain phases of human relations well defined in the frame of national and international interests. Yet he is more than just a speaker. He is the leader of open discussion or, better yet, a participant in the public forum. His is the privilege of carrying on a tradition, well established in America, of "talking things over." I like to think of it as continuing those cracker-barrel sessions around the stove in a country store, such as rural America used to know. There the brick mason, the blacksmith, the clerk, and sometimes the clergyman, joined to give voice to their reactions to questions that vitally touched their lives. Those men salted down a lot of good talk.

So do we in our Institutes. They are the streamlined version of those old country-store sessions. Our subjects run the gamut of political science, business, economics, and culture. They are presented with the aim at direct-

ness and simplicity, calling a spade a spade. In the Institutes we meet on common ground to bring the vital issues into the open and to evaluate more clearly the things we have in common.

America shows up at its best in its maturing culture. Enriched by strains from every continent and every race, it nevertheless has something distinctively its own.

"Are we to discuss *culture* tonight?" a businessman may ask me. He is perturbed, plainly so.

"Yes," I will answer, "we shall—American culture." And then I attempt to show him how culture is just another word for life and the way it is lived. Often my questioner will have the erroneous idea that the arts, literature, music, painting, and those other activities that reflect life, belong in the realm of luxury and frills. But, I am happy to report, that misconception is rapidly waning. Art is being taken from the long-haired folk and given back to the people to whom it belonged all the time.

I recall a case in point. It concerns a very fine gentleman in a Midwestern city. He was a successful man of affairs, the president of a bank. Occasionally I was invited to dinner at his beautiful home, where I enjoyed his company and that of his family of several growing children. A few years later I chanced in his city and called on him. I asked about his family and his voice rang with enthusiasm as he told about his daughter now finishing the senior year in college and receiving the Phi Beta Kappa key. The younger



HUGH C. STUNTZ, interpreter of the Latin-American scene, spent 20 years in South America writing and editing in the Spanish language. His home is in Nashville, Tenn.



F. WILHELM SOLLMANN was with the German delegation at Versailles, was later a member of the Reichstag and of the Stresemann Cabinet. He lives in Pennsylvania.



NO-YONG PARK, lecturer on Far East problems, was born in Manchuria, studied in China, Japan, Europe, and the United States. He authored *Retreat of the West*.

daughter also was doing excellent work as a sophomore and making high marks.

"And how is Bob?" I asked. There followed a moment of silence.

"Well, I want to tell you that I am rather worried about Robert."

"Anything wrong?"

"I don't know," he continued. "He is now a big boy of 23 and besides not having finished college he does nothing except spend all his time writing poetry and short stories, and doesn't earn a nickel at it. That boy is ruining himself, and, what's more, I don't seem to be able to advise him. How is he ever going to make a living!"

I could see he was sincerely concerned, yet I was unable to share his discouragement. I inquired no further, tried hard to say a few consoling words, apparently without success, and took my leave. A few weeks after I received, most unexpectedly, a letter from my friend. It ran something like this:

"Since I saw you last, something very important has happened. The other day one of my clients came into the bank. 'Look at this,' he said, and shoved a copy of a New York daily under my nose. I glanced quickly and, sure enough, there was a poem, a sonnet I guess, signed 'Robert Shaw'! That's my Bob! That rascal had never said a thing about it. I was all wrong about him. He's really okeh. I also learned from him later that he had already signed a contract with a big firm for the publication of his first book of

poems. Say, can you beat that!"

Obviously, this letter was an outburst of emotional excitement and joy Mr. Shaw had gained in his new experience. Until then he had doubted and worried. His perplexity was due to the difficulty of understanding the essential combination of art and pragmatism, as well as a failure to comprehend his own boy.

Let us have faith in and encouragement for the youth who strives to express the dynamics within him. The urge that drives him on is not unlike that of his forefathers who restlessly sought new frontiers. The youth's tool may not be the plow, the rifle, or even the riveting machine; instead, it may be the pen or a musical instrument, or his own voice. But he and his kind clarify and intensify, by sublimation, the forces that make a nation great just as much as do those who build bridges and marshal the marts of commerce.

**A**S I travel from community to community, mingling with representative people, I am impressed by the vitality of the upsurging cultural consciousness of America. It is true that it draws from the civilizations of the Old World, yet it has about it something which could only develop in the Americas. I find it in the popularity of school bands and orchestras. I find it in the inspired courage of a George Cranmer to blast shapeless masses of stone into the Red Rocks theater which Rotary's Convention at Denver auspiciously opened to timeless service. I

find it in the engineering skill of an Allen True transforming the power house of Boulder Dam into an object of beauty.

All art is one—whether it is created in office or studio. That is what Americans intuitively feel and are beginning consciously to realize. And it is a conception which I, as I speak to Institute audiences, consistently attempt to intensify. It is true that in this period of national emergency, directed effort and much time must be given to such problems of immediate moment as defense. But any nation that sells its future short, courts disaster. The ramparts of the peace to come must be manned too. For what does it profit a nation to win the assurance of continued existence, if meanwhile that which makes life worth while for its people dies?

So, I come to the epilogue of this article. It is a word of humble thanks to Rotary for the opportunity it has given me to participate in the great and useful work of its Institute of International Understanding.

I believe in its technique—giving practical businessmen and their families the opportunity to talk over things that matter.

I believe in its program—stressing the interrelationship of men and nations, with a recognition of the contribution of each.

I am tremendously impressed by the good that can come from it—bringing people into a fuller realization of their own powers for making this old world of ours a happier place for us all!

# Nature Boasts the Button, Too!

By Laurence A. Raymer

*A geography lesson on parks, camps, walks, a lake, an island, wearing Rotary's wheel.*

**D**RAW UP your chairs, students! The first lesson in Rotary geography is about to begin. Rotary geography? That's right—a "course" which runs through parks, playgrounds, camps, lanes of trees, shady walks, a creek, a lake, an island, and so on.

First, open your books to the map of the Philippine Islands. Got it? Now locate the city of Dagupan in the Lingayen Gulf, and a group of fascinating dots of land called the Hundred Islands. Among these islands is one of particular interest to the class, because it is Dagupan Rotary Club Island (see photos).

Dagupan Rotarians recently held an intercity meeting on the island, which has since been named to honor the Club. It isn't an ordinary island, either, because it has a cave, the longest beach of any of the Hundred Islands, and includes a lovely underseas garden facing the beach to climax its attractions. The cave (see photo), once known as Cueva Virgen, has been renamed Rotary Ann Cave as a tribute to wives and sweethearts of the Dagupan Rotary Club.

Islands suggest water, which immediately suggests a jump to Greenville, South Carolina. Not far from Greenville is a Rotary-sponsored camp for boys, named after the town. But the point of our visit, in connection with Rotary geography, is that a sparkling body of

water which gives the camp much of its beauty is called Lake Rotary.

Some years ago boys attending the camp built a lodge, putting into its walls stones sent from many countries. From the foundation to the roof, the lodge speaks of international goodwill. Youths from as many as ten States have gathered at the camp to enjoy swimming, boating, and other recreational sports on Lake Rotary in a single season.

And to speak of camps named for Rotary Clubs is to call the roll of scores and scores of Clubs. There is a Camp Rotary in Colombo, Ceylon; Auckland, New Zealand; Stratford, Ontario, Canada; Beloit, Wisconsin; Waterloo, Iowa; Crawfordsville, Indiana; and in almost any other part of the Rotary world you care to mention. Here Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, the underprivileged, the physically handicapped, and even adults are given a chance at health and happiness through life "in the open."

At Crawfordsville, which The Scratchpad Man visited last Summer (see his report in *THE ROTARIAN* for August, 1940), there is Rotary Creek, another item for your notebook on Rotary geography.

Camps bring to mind playgrounds and parks, and of these there are also many



THIS CUBAN Rotarian points out an Avenida Rotaria sign in Guanabacoa, where Club members spent \$30,000 to improve streets

which are known by the Rotary cognomen. An outstanding beauty spot in Plainview, Texas, is Rotary Park, developed by the Rotary Club in cooperation with the city as a memorial to the late Judge L. S. Kinder, a charter member of the Plainview Club. A fountain in the shape of a Rotary wheel, with a row of trees extending from each spoke, is the hub of the circular garden which is some 360 feet in diameter. It is surrounded by a circular drive.

The woodland path which Rotarians of Pécs, Hungary, laid out and landscaped leads to Pécs by way of a mountain top. This Rotary Path meanders through the forests of Mount Mecsek, affording many a glimpse of the city in the valley below. Six comfortable benches are situated at convenient intervals, and these are inscribed with the Objects of Rotary.

Forty-six acres of ground were purchased by the Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, Rotary Club, which spent \$60,000 in constructing Rotary Park for use by the city's poor. Two supervisors were hired, swimming and wading pools were built, and other accommodations installed. After several years of operation, the Club presented the park to the city with the understanding that it was to be supervised at all times or revert to the Club.

Rotary Park in Salt Lake City, Utah, created by Rotarians, cost \$35,000 and is a material contribution to civic beauty and recreational utility. Wading pools, a softball diamond, putting greens, tennis courts, swings, sand boxes, and other facilities for fun are included in

A WOODLAND scene in the 46-acre Rotary Park at Oklahoma City, Okla., which was equipped with swimming and wading pools and other facilities by Rotarians at a cost of \$60,000.





the Rotary Recreation Grounds at Calgary, Alberta, Canada. The Rotary Club of Okmulgee, Oklahoma, underwrote Rotary Park, a playground for children, costing \$14,000.

The Rotary Playground in Oneonta, New York, is so identified by a huge boulder and plaque, contributing another page to our study. Rotarians of many other communities have paid for, assisted in the promotion of, and continue to support parks and playgrounds through financial endowment, leadership, or purchase of equipment.

Parks suggest trees, and they form a major chapter in our textbook on Rotary geography. Rotary Friendship Trees\* can be found in many countries of the world, and Rotary's Founder, Paul P. Harris, has planted hundreds of them in his travels.

IT WAS Founder Paul who made the planting of trees a custom throughout the Rotary world. At his suggestion, Sydney W. Pascall, Europe's first President of Rotary International, left newly planted trees marking his trail on a 60,000-mile trek around the globe visiting Rotary Clubs.

Leafier streets and greener memories have become a tradition in a number of Clubs. In Montpelier, Vermont, Rotarians planted 2,000 trees along its roadsides. Rotarians of Newport News, Virginia, beautified 25 miles of highway; Ithaca, New York, has a "Rotary Mile" of planting; Beaumont, California, Rotarians set out a mile and a half of deodars; and in Hodgenville, Kentucky, Rotarians planted trees in school grounds and around public buildings.

Several years ago Hobart, Australia, Rotarians initiated a Rotary "Grove of Friendship," planting reclaimed land. In Southern Rhodesia, near Bulawayo,

\* See *Plant a Tree*—, by Donald Culross Peattie, in *THE ROTARIAN* for April, 1940.

AMONG the Hundred Islands in the Lingayen Gulf near the city of Dagupan, The Philippines, is a dot of land of special interest to students of Rotary geography. It is Dagupan Rotary Club Island (right), and it boasts a cave (circle) and marine gardens!

there are two miles of Rotary shade from blazing sunshine. In Napa, California, redwoods will commemorate for centuries the deceased charter members of the Rotary Club, and 13 magnolias will perpetuate the memory of departed Rotarians of Camden, South Carolina. One could go on and on, but this much gives the idea.

But is there somewhere a Rotary street? There is, no less. In a Cuban city you'll find Avenida Rotaria, an avenue four kilometers, or three miles, long. It runs out of Guanabacoa, and was named in honor of the Guanabacoa Rotary Club, which spent \$30,000 improving main streets. It's a paved street with attractive markers (see photo), and the 32-member Club took warranted pride in showing Havana Convention visitors Avenida Rotaria.

There isn't a Rotary Fountain along this Cuban street which becomes a highway, but there is one at Victoria, British Columbia, Canada. Here the Rotary Club constructed and maintains Rotary Fountain on Malahat Highway.

Every lesson, whether in grammar or geography, must have an exception to prove the rule, some teacher has said, and Rotary geography has one, too. There's a Rotary Clubhouse in Santa Barbara, California, but don't let Santa Barbara Rotarians hear you call it that.

"When you have a good thing, don't

monopolize it," they say. "Share it." That's what they are doing with their clubhouse. They have asked folks, including the newspapers, to call their Rotary home "The Service Club Room," because it is shared with the Lions and Kiwanis clubs.

And there you have the lesson. An island, parks, playgrounds, a street, a creek, a lake, and trees all named for Rotary. Now, what conclusions can we draw from our study? This, can we not, that here's a prime way to awaken in the public a wholesome curiosity about that word "Rotary" and the men who wear its cogged wheel. We are proud of that name. We want it known and understood. How much better that our townsmen should know us by our works than by our words.

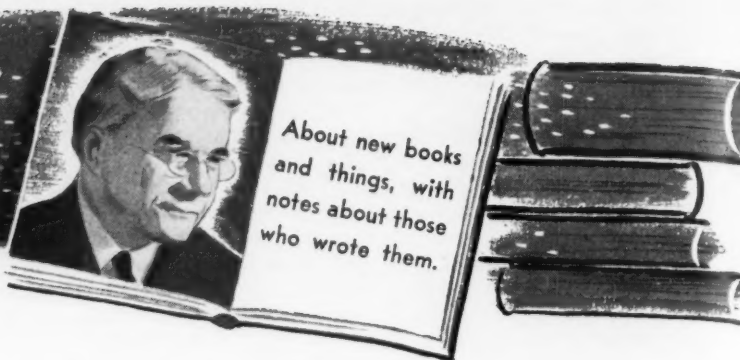
Of course, there's the matter of modesty. Many a Rotary Club prefers to work anonymously, sparing the use of the Rotary tag. That's fine, too, and it means that there are hundreds of Camp Rotary's and Rotary Parks that bear some other name. After all, the service is the thing, not what you label it.

Yet, at the same time, your professor has found this brief excursion into Rotary geography exceedingly interesting and concedes that it was possible only because the trail was well marked with those six clear letters R O T A R Y.

No one yawning? Class dismissed!



# Billy Phelps Speaking



I HAVE MADE IT almost an invariable rule never in lectures or in print to discuss books written by myself; but here is a letter that would melt the heart of a petrified dinosaur. It comes from Mrs. D. C. Woodin, wife of a Rotarian of Schenectady, New York. It concerns a little book I produced in 1940 called *Marriage*. The name of the publisher and its price can be found at the end of this article.

"Don't you realize how many people there are who read . . . *Billy Phelps Speaking*? And ordinarily they would avoid a book (*Marriage*) so titled, I'm afraid, before going far enough to find that you were the author. Please, in fairness to the Rotarians and Rotary Anns who may have missed it, do somehow mention its . . . It is my belief that, whether married or unmarried, every reader will inevitably become a better person for their acquaintance with . . . What would you think of the false modesty of a father who would not introduce his son because he was a credit to him?"

The dots above represent phrases which pleased me greatly, but are too flattering to quote.

Well, here goes. I wrote *Marriage* because I believe in marriage with all my heart; because I believe many unhappy marriages could be happy ones; and in the little book I gave some very definite advice on how to achieve such a result. A successful marriage is the greatest prize in life. Everyone happily married is a successful man or woman, even if he fails in everything else. The great novelist Turgenev said he would give all his fame and talents if only there were some woman who cared whether or not he came home late to dinner.

\* \* \*

For the ROTARIAN Readers Murder Club Mrs. R. S. Brown writes me from El Paso, Texas: "I read between 20 and 25 mystery stories each month. The ones I have enjoyed most in the last month have been *Witches' Moon*, by Giles Jackson; Cornell Woolrich's *The Black Curtain*; A. R. Hilliard's *Justice Be Damned*; and Virginia Rath's *Death Breaks the Ring*. I think you might also start a list of detective classics. . . . What do you

think of *Warrant for X*, *Keep Murder Quiet*, *The Moonstone*, *The Thin Man*, *Inquest*, *Trent's Last Case*, *Gaudy Night*, *The Listening House*, *Murder of Roger Ackroyd*, and *And Then There Were None* as a starting list of ten classics?"

Now this is just the kind of letter I like to receive, because it expresses such definite preferences and gives ROTARIAN readers a good list. And as everyone knows in all matters outside the realm of fact, it is a pleasure to disagree with our friends. For example, *The Moonstone*, by Wilkie Collins, is immortal; it contains what has often been called the best plot ever made, whether in the theater or in the novel; it is a marvelous work, and is more read today than at any time since the author's death. *The Thin Man* I do not admire, and I am afraid I am the only person who does not like *Justice Be Damned*, which won a big prize this year. It seems to me more ingenious than interesting.

Let me suggest to Mrs. Brown that she buy immediately a new book called *Murder for Pleasure: The Life and Times of the Detective Story*, by Howard Haycraft. It is the history of this form of fiction from its origin in 1841 to 1941, and is enormously useful as well as excellent reading.

And let me recommend two other new volumes, which include some of the best of the murders. *Three Famous Murder Novels*, complete and unabridged in one volume, gives a big feast for the price—the contents are *Before the Fact*, by Francis Iles; *Trent's Last Case*, by E. C. Bentley; and *The House of the Arrow*, by A. E. W. Mason. Bennett Cerf, who contributes an introduction, says: "In the past 18 years I have read over 600 murder novels. The three that I have included in this volume are the ones that I liked by far the best." That's the best kind of recommendation.

Another new volume—and this is not a republication—is *Three Prize Murders*. It contains *Murder for Tea*, by Edith Howie; *Old-Fashioned Murder*, by Marguerite McIntire; and *Westbound Murder*, by C. S. Wallace. These three, all in one volume, are the three runners-up that received honorable mention in the big contest where the prize was awarded to *Justice Be Damned*. There is an in-

teresting foreword by a master of the art, our well-beloved Mary Roberts Rinehart.

\* \* \*

Rotarians are never gentlemen of leisure though they are gentlemen. They work. Therefore they should have a good collection of the best reference books, to save them time otherwise spent in hunting for information. Here is another new one, important and valuable for all Rotarians and their wives who are interested in American authors. The book is called *The Oxford Companion to American Literature*, edited by James D. Hart, of the University of California. It contains nearly 900 pages. In it you can look up any American author living or dead, or you can look up the title of any book he published or any character in American fiction, if fairly prominent—also well-known phrases, like "Fifty-four-forty or fight," and find out their origin and history.

\* \* \*

*The United States Army*, by Lt. Col. E. C. Ewert, is a new illustrated book, giving us civilians the necessary information. Col. Ewert has been a commissioned officer of the United States Army since the first World War, when he served in the A. E. F. He is in the field artillery, at this moment in command of the reception center at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. I took a course in military training in the year 1877-78, and things have changed so much since then that I find new information on every page of this excellent book. The illustrations help greatly in showing all the different branches of the service, the insignia, etc. The text is written with admirable skill in clearness and in condensation.

Jumping from the present to the past and from the Army to the Navy, let me recommend one of the most exciting novels of the year—*Captain Paul*, by Commander Edward Ellsberg. I had the honor of meeting the Commander himself at a Rotary dinner in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and he is just as interesting as his books. *Captain Paul* is, of course, John Paul Jones. It is a historical novel, but the facts are given with accuracy, and it is the best account of the fight between the *Bon Homme*

Richard and the Serapis that I have ever read and I have read many of them. It is impossible to exaggerate the career of the hero, for, like that of Clive in India, the facts would not be believed if they were not on record. This is an extremely good novel and wildly exciting—607 pages and not too long. The author took part in 1913 as a midshipman in the final funeral procession of Paul Jones at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. I hope all Rotarians who have or can make the opportunity will visit this splendid tomb.

Now here is one detail about this excellent book that, if the author has noticed it, must have made him "full of strange oaths," as Shakespeare says of the soldier. For the last 20 years I have tried in vain to discover with absolute certainty what it was Jones called out in that battle when the British captain asked him to surrender. Did he say:

"I have just begun to fight!" or  
"I have not yet begun to fight!"?

When I got this volume, I felt sure "at long last" I should discover the truth. Not on the paper jacket but on the inside cover along with the picture of the battle is the inscription, in capital letters:

"I HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO FIGHT!"

On page 575 of the novel, at the close of Chapter 54, "came Paul Jones' answer" (in small capital letters):

"NEVER! I HAVE JUST BEGUN TO FIGHT!"

One of the most entertaining and thrilling books of the season, which one can read through in less than an hour, is a reprint that originally appeared in 1906, and I am deeply grateful to the publishers for making it available now. The book is called *Young Winston Churchill* and is by Richard Harding Davis. The frontispiece portrait of Churchill on horseback looks as if it illustrated the text "And a little child shall lead them" for Churchill looks like a little boy. I had no idea of his wild adventures at such a tender age. As he is today the foremost public man in the world, this account of his early youth should be read by everyone.

Harold J. Reilly, a member of the New York Rotary Club, has produced a useful little book that should have a large sale, *The Secret of Better Health*, with many illustrations. Harold Reilly is the founder of the famous Reilly Health Service in Rockefeller Center and is a doctor of science. And his physical appearance is a good advertisement of his methods. His "conditioning course" which he conducts in Rockefeller Center for many well-known and obscure persons is here given for the price of the book—and for both men and women. Furthermore, the advice given in this

volume shows to me that he is a born teacher, for his statements are given in crisp epigrams that are not easy to forget. His ideas are good and he knows how to express them. "I'm not interested so much in just adding years to a man's life . . . what I want to do is to add life to a man's years." He opposes cold baths before breakfast, or having bedroom windows wide open in Winter, and if you want to find out what other things he is opposed to, buy the book.

Another new book, small in size, not heavy to hold, in large type, and yet containing 548 pages, a veritable marvel of the publisher's art, is *The New Testament in Basic English*. Basic English "is a simple form of the English language, which, with 850 words, is able to give the sense of anything which may be said in English." For this translation 50 special Bible words have been added, together with 100 others, so the total number of words used in this entire translation of the New Testament is 1,000. This would seem impossible to me if it were not an accomplished fact. Let me say that I prefer the Authorized Version to all others, basic or not; but this is an extremely interesting experi-



© Charles Scribner's Sons

WINSTON CHURCHILL as a 23-year-old lieutenant in the Fourth Queen's Own Hussars, in service with the Malakand Field Force.

ment, and one can see how valuable it would be for foreigners learning English. Basic English was produced by C. K. Ogden, of the Orthological Institute in London. A committee of scholars working under Professor S. H. Hooke, of the University of London, has brought out this new translation. Here is the Lord's Prayer in St. Matthew VI:

Our Father in Heaven, may your name be kept holy. Let your kingdom come. Let your pleasure be done, as in heaven, so on earth. Give us this day bread for our needs. And make us free of our debts, as we have made those free who are in debt to us. And let us not be put to the test, but keep us safe from the Evil One.

One phrase in that is an ingenious

substitute for a phrase that millions say every day and no one understands—*Lead us not into temptation.*

And here is another translation of the Four Gospels done into English from the Greek for the first time in history by a Greek, John A. Dakes, who was born in Greece and learned New Testament Greek in the schools. His introduction is very interesting. The book is called *Christ Jesus, The Authentic Story of the Founder of Christianity As Told by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John in the Four Gospels*. His translation of the puzzling phrase in the Lord's Prayer is "And let us not be led into temptation." We cannot have too many translations of the Bible, because every new one sheds some new light on special passages; but the only one for public and private reading is the Authorized Version.

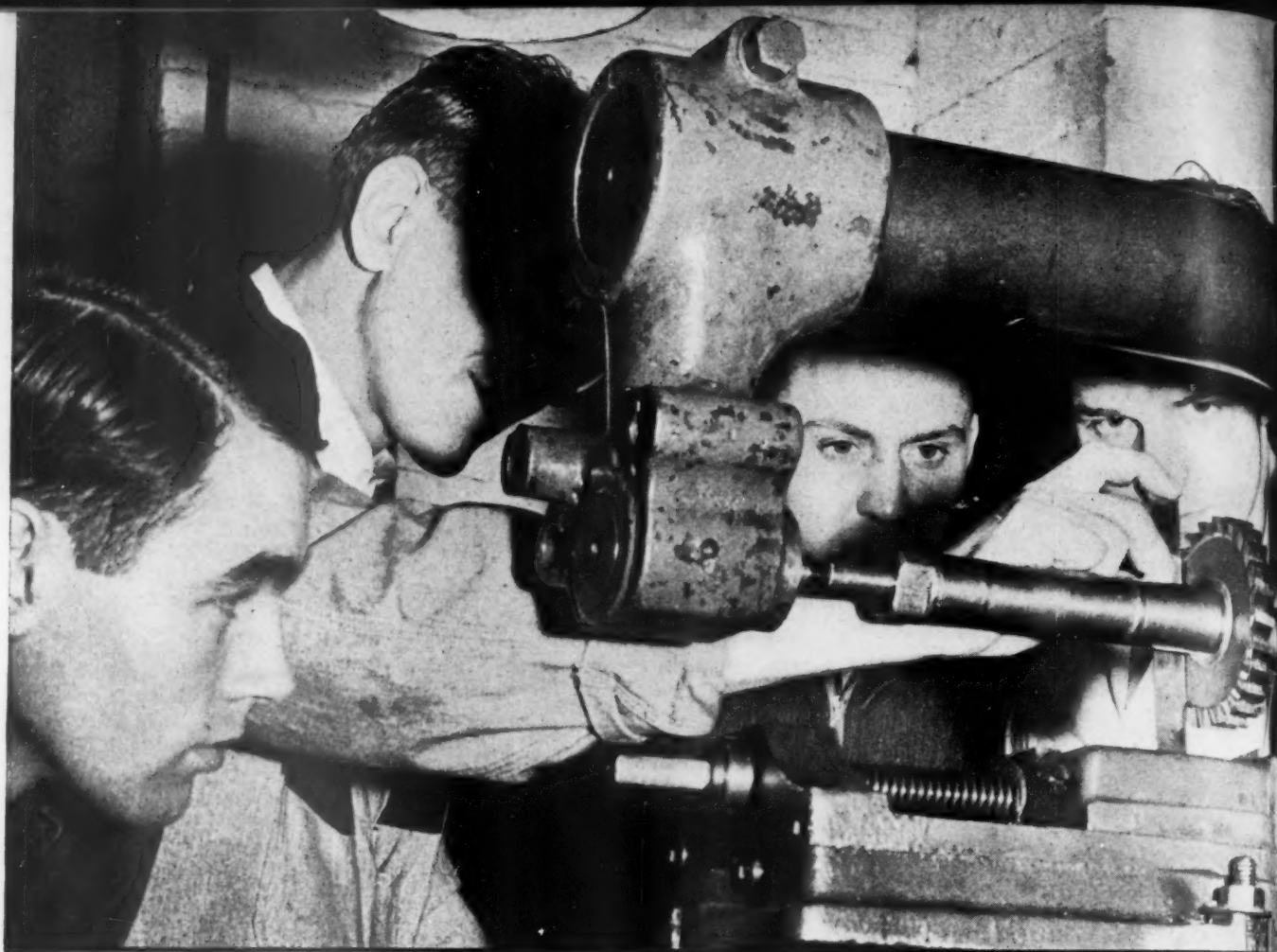
Another valuable little book as a guide to daily living is *Let's Adventure in Personality*, by Harper Garcia Smyth, a Rotarian of Cleveland, Ohio. It is in simple, everyday language, with plenty of good anecdotes and short stories, and many people are certain to enjoy it and profit by it.

Karel Capek, the famous Czecho-Slovakian playwright and novelist who died in Prague (perhaps fortunately) in 1938, made a tremendous reputation in England and in America by his drama *R. U. R.*, in which he coined for us in our language the terrifying word "robot," which then seemed too bad to be true. He was never an optimist, for he said, "A short life is better for mankind, for a long life would deprive man of his optimism." That would depend on the man, not on his years. Capek died at 48, and left in manuscript a jolly little book called *I Had a Dog and a Cat*. No one can read it without having affection for the author, and one will also observe dogs and cats with renewed interest.

Animals are often funny; Montaigne said, "It may be that the cat is just as much amused by me as I am by her." Turgenev observed that his bird dog had a "forced smile."

*Books mentioned, publishers and prices:*  
*Marriage.* William Lyon Phelps. Dutton. \$1.—*Murder for Pleasure.* Howard Haycraft. D. Appleton-Century. \$2.50.—*Three Famous Murder Novels.* Random House. \$1.98.—*Three Prize Murders.* Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.—*The Oxford Companion to American Literature.* Edited by James D. Hart. Oxford. \$5.—*The United States Army.* Lt. Col. E. C. Ewert. Little, Brown. \$1.25.—*Captain Paul.* Commander Edward Ellsberg. Dodd, Mead. \$2.75.—*Young Winston Churchill.* Richard Harding Davis. Scribners. \$1.—*The Secret of Better Health.* Harold J. Reilly. Carlyle House, N. Y. \$2.50.—*The New Testament in Basic English.* Dutton. \$2.50.—*Christ Jesus.* John A. Dakes, translator. Avalon Publishing Co., Chicago. \$2.50.—*Let's Adventure in Personality.* Harper Garcia Smyth. Tower Press, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio. \$2.—*I Had a Dog and a Cat.* Karel Capek. Macmillan. \$1.50.





THE SCRATCHPAD MAN SEES

THREE young Ohioans learn how to set up a milling machine at "R.T.I."—year-old Rotary Technical Institute at Dayton.

## Young Mechanics in the Making

**"W**HAT'S THIS?" I couldn't make out the strange gadget the chief was handing me.

"That, my son, is a caliper," he explained, portentously. "Merely a caliper."

"And what, pray, is a caliper?" I continued, suspiciously.

"Go down to Dayton, Ohio, and find out." With that cryptic command, the Editor handed me the folder you see below, a railroad ticket, and a box of dog biscuits for Scoopy.

So—the next morning I stood at the gate of the Dayton Y.M.C.A. and asked my way to the Rotary Technical Institute. This was the place—and my calipers, I guess, got me right in.

I found myself in a large room where everybody but I knew what he was doing. Noting my bewilderment, one of the instructors came over.

"Why," he assured me, "you're no more ignorant than many of our beginners are. Look here!" He pointed to students of only three weeks who were already operating a lathe and turning out work accurate to .001 inch.

The Institute, he told me, grew out of the well-nigh desperate need of trained mechanics in industry. Rotarians, as factory executives in this highly industrial city, felt that need keenly. Discovering that the Dayton Y.M.C.A. College had equipment which stood idle part of each day and that it was willing to increase its use, the Rotary Club got busy—with the "Y" College as partner,

A course of ten weeks was mapped out with 40 hours of study a week; 30 hours were work with tools, ten were study—in mathematics, drawing, and theory. The Rotary Club stood ready to lend boys the tuition charges, \$95, which almost, but not quite, cover the costs of the course.

The first class—limited to youths and men under 30—started last January. By graduation time in March, each man had been placed in a job. The same record holds for the second class, which finished in June, and promises to hold for the September group. Several graduates have risen with amazing speed to responsible, high-paying jobs.

The classes being limited in size, tests are made of applicants, and only 25 are taken for each term. Some of these have been farm boys who displayed the necessary aptitudes in the first tests. Though they had never seen a milling machine before, they made good.

Thus, the Dayton Rotary Club and Y.M.C.A. are turning out some 100 new well-grounded mechanics for defense and for the future each year. But they wouldn't take me. I saw 30, the age limit, when some of these "R.T.I." boys were still in triangular pants.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

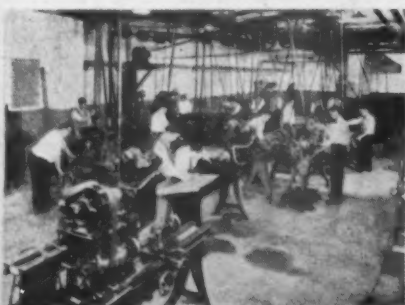


THE  
**ROTARY CLUB**  
of DAYTON, OHIO

ANNOUNCES SPONSORSHIP OF

**Dayton Rotary Technical Institute**

OPERATED BY  
**THE DAYTON Y.M.C.A. COLLEGE**



INTENSIVE COURSES IN THE  
MACHINE TRADES FOR YOUNG MEN



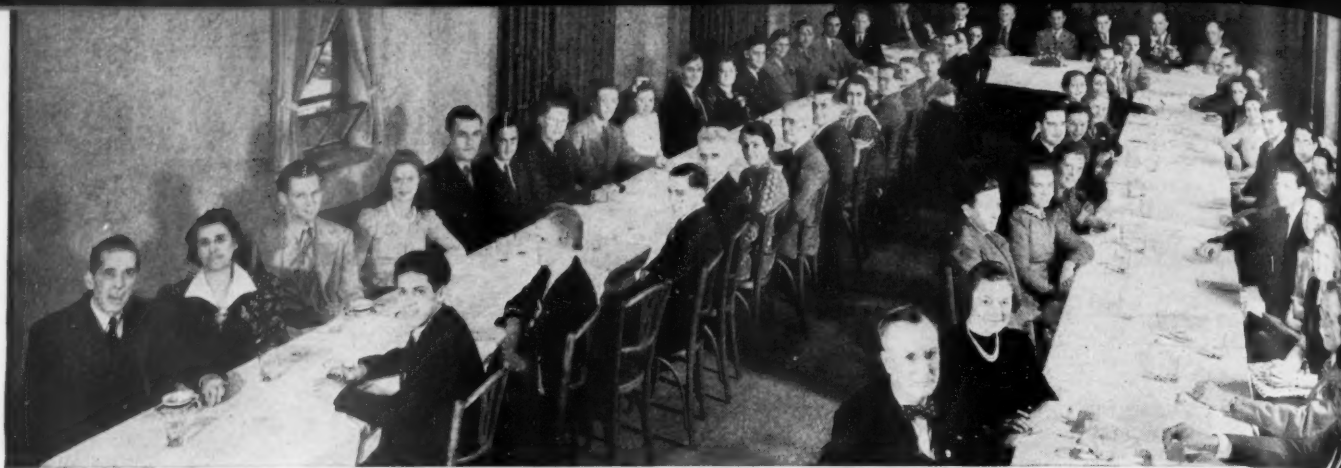
GRINDING a surface calls for accuracy, too, and here's the place to learn it. From this machine to a job is but one step.

SCOOPY resents the goggles that, for safety's sake, are required of everyone who approaches the hand grinders. Accurate work, the boys find, requires sharp tools.

THREE students watch Instructor Wright "mike" a job. If some work is more than .0003 off, it is unacceptable. The micrometer will measure .0001 inch.







**GRADUATION**, after ten weeks of concentrated work and study, is a gala occasion, with a dinner in which "alumni," wives, and sweethearts join.



**H. COLLINS WIGHT**, then Rotary President, makes a graduation speech to the class of June, 1941, at Institute exercises.



**ROTARIAN Fern Blose**, Chairman of the Vocational Service Committee, about to deliver the diplomas to the June class.



**GENERAL Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. Maurice Gogle** (speaking) is a member of the Rotary Club, forming one more link in the bond of the Technical Institute and Dayton Y.M.C.A. College.

**JOSEPH N. GARWOOD**, a college official, hands a diploma to John Toney and with it a job in his department at the National Cash Register Co.







**Plenty of Vitamin.** Even if you do not like fish oils, the standard sources of vitamin A, you need not deny yourself this health essential. Carotene, characteristic coloring matter of carrots, is readily converted to vitamin A in the body. Carrots and alfalfa are American crops particularly rich as sources of carotene. Methods of extracting this vital substance from these two plants yield carotene in highly concentrated form for human use. We will not be forced to eat grass to keep well.

**Fighting Blitz Fires.** Incendiary bombs are reported to be quickly extinguished by a new chemical product. Because magnesium and aluminum fires thrive on water, putting out *blitzkrieg* fires is no simple task, since these metals are usual constituents of bombs. In tests, the new American extinguishing powder proved so efficient that even most of the bomb itself could be salvaged.

**Triggered Fire Extinguisher.** Carbon-dioxide fire extinguishers, which flow extremely cold dry ice at the fire, are now supplied with a trigger which turns the fire-killing stream on or off instantly.

**Fire-Retardant Paints.** Recent investigations by the United States Forest Products Laboratory have shown the paints made from certain synthetic resins swell up under the heat of a fire and provide a sort of insulating capsule around wood to which they have been applied. Amines and ethylidene urea are used with formaldehyde to form the resins, and ammonium phosphate is added in making the fire-retardant paint. The job is not yet completed, but results so far look promising.

**Goggle Glass.** A new type of glass has been developed to protect welders' eyes from the intense yellow light produced in welding aluminum, for example. The color of the glass is light pink and it permits the wearer to see other colors than yellow quite well. Since the yellow from aluminum welding is intense, it is important that workers' eyes be protected from this and at the same time vision should be impaired as little as possible. This objective is claimed to be reached by the new glass.

**Better Paint Pigments.** Pigments of greater hiding power, their essential property, are reported to be produced if diatomaceous earth is added to the mixed solutions from which they are

formed. White lead, Prussian blue, and chrome yellow, all old stand-bys in paint, have been made by the new method and proved in extensive tests.

**Perfume from Skunks.** Not what you think, but a useful fixative for compounding perfumes is being made from the odorous material obtained from skunks. The function of a fixative is to hold essences and prevent their too rapid evaporation. Musk, ambergris, civet, and castoreum, all animal products, have been used by perfumers for ages. All are imported. Now American skunks and American muskrats, which yield a musk that resembles that of the musk deer, are supplying American perfumers with new fixatives.

**Naillable Glass.** The newest type of safety glass has a center "meat" layer larger than the two glass "slices of bread" so that panes may be nailed, screwed, riveted, or bolted in place. The "meat" is a highly flexible sheet of plastic which protects the glass and now provides a margin for fastening the sheet in place.

**Protecting Magnesium.** With the rapidly rising industrial use of magnesium and its alloys, protecting this metal from corrosion becomes more important. Ordinary paints and their application are not satisfactory. However, proper treatments of the metal and primer and finish coats of paint have been devised which are effective for several years in protecting exposed magnesium alloys from corrosion. The metal is given a chrome pickle, primed with a zinc-chromate pigment in a phenolic resin varnish, and finally painted with aluminum paint in a similar varnish. Corrosion under severe conditions is prevented for three or four years and under more usual industrial conditions may extend to five or six years.

**Pattern Preserver.** A new method of protecting wood patterns used by foundries in molding consists in metallizing them with a thin coating of metallic zinc applied with a spray gun. The protected patterns last many times as long as those coated with shellac or varnish in the ordinary way.

**Fine Iron from Liquids.** A new magnetic filter placed in a pipe circuit carrying liquid readily and completely removes any particles of iron in the stream. Discs of magnetized screens are placed in the path of the liquid and easily capture particles of iron as small

as 1/25,000 of an inch. The screens, which may be permanently magnetized or actuated by electro-magnetic coils, offer little resistance to flow. The filter is used on lubricating or cutting oils and on suspensions of fine solids in oil or water to remove iron that might score bearings or contaminate the product.

**Mining for Water.** Demands of defense for metals have prompted attempts to reopen abandoned mines, but some of these, notably at Leadville, Colorado, cannot be economically pumped dry of accumulated water. Geologists are studying them now to find a way to drive a tunnel into them to release the huge quantities of water which now make them unworkable. The tunnel proposed is likely to be the longest in the history of metal mining, 39,000 feet (nearly 7½ miles), just to let water run out.

**New Resistance Alloys.** In electricity the search continues for new metals better adapted to particular purposes. Latest field to be explored is that of alloys of manganese, nickel, and copper, some of which possess remarkably high electrical resistance. Some of them may become useful.

**More Tung Oil.** Because merely pressing the kernels of tung nuts does not get out all the valuable paint oil they contain, the cake left after pressing is now extracted with solvent to get the last drops. American paint makers have need for all the oil Southern tung trees can produce now that supplies cannot be had from the Orient.

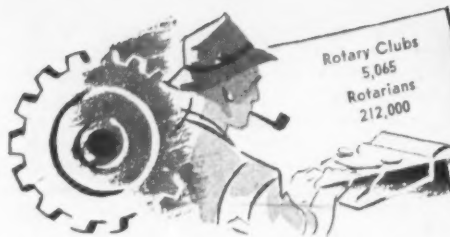
**Ultraviolet-Ray Sterilizers.** Contagious diseases need no longer be feared by hospitals, where danger of cross in-

Photo: American Optical Co.



A MERE 400 parts make up this intricate instrument—a phorometer—used by doctors to test eye-muscle balance of fliers. Badly balanced extraocular muscles may cause the eyes to lose coordination at high altitudes.

fection between patients has always been serious. Ultraviolet lamps are used to surround patients suffering from contagious diseases with a curtain of germ-killing rays and thus spread of contagion is prevented without isolating the patients. Similar ultraviolet lamps are being used to sterilize hotel rooms after guests leave, just in case.



Rotary Clubs  
5,065  
Rotarians  
212,000

Rotary's  
Convention  
Toronto, Ont.  
June 21-26

# Rotary Reporter

## Rotary and the World at War

The mobile canteen being presented by the Rotary Club of BOLTON, ENGLAND, to the Mayor, caught fire "in the act," but quick work with an extinguisher saved it. . . . The STOCKTON,



THE NAVY takes on water—at a fountain promoted by Honolulu, Hawaii, Rotarians.

DURHAM, AND THORNABY, ENGLAND, Rotary Club is sponsoring a drive for £300 for a mobile canteen with which the Y.M.C.A. can serve the armed forces.

For bravery which prevented wholesale destruction when bombs set fire to the gas works, Rotarian Grayson of the ROMFORD, ENGLAND, Rotary Club was given the George Medal by the King.

The Rotary Club of WOLVERHAMPTON, ENGLAND (to which Rotary's Vice-President T. A. Warren belongs), has drawn up a plan for medical aid and other help to members of the local fire-fighting service. The Club will bear the costs.

The Mayor of NARVIK, NORWAY—who was evacuated with the British troops—addressed the Rotary Club of SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., on his experiences. . . . The Rotary Club of PERTH, AUSTRALIA, has been active in supplying clothing to blitzed areas in England.

One mobile canteen already supplied and another on the way is the record of the Rotary Club of DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA. . . . Blood-donor clinics are supported by the Rotary Club of MIMICO-NEW TORONTO, ONT., CANADA. The serum is shipped overseas.

Raising money for various war funds has been aided in some Clubs by stamp collectors. The Rotary Club of EDIN-

BURGH, SCOTLAND, is one of these, and that of BRADFORD, ENGLAND, another. Donations of stamps are sorted and marketed in various ways. . . . The Rotary Club of AMHERSTBURG, ONT., CANADA, netted \$331 by collecting and selling junk. The money went to the Red Cross.

The SINGAPORE and PENANG, STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, Rotary Clubs have raised money for proper clubrooms for the servicemen in their areas. . . . The Rotary Clubs of Switzerland have been hosts to 150 children of France, enfeebled by war diets and conditions. The Rotary Club of GENEVA is handling the arrangements, and the other Clubs are helping with the finances.

A mobile canteen, embodying new construction, such as an all-steel roof and solid tires to prevent puncture from broken glass, was made in GRIMSBY, ENGLAND, and presented by the Rotary Club of GRIMSBY AND CLEETHORPES to the Mayor. . . . A service club, open day and night, is the contribution of the BURNLEY, ENGLAND, Rotary Club to the welfare of the fighting and air-raid precaution forces of the city. Of 67 members, 65 are in various voluntary organizations for war work.

Unexpectedly, the Community Service fund of the Rotary Club of CALGARY, ALTA., CANADA, was enriched by a \$3,000 commission on war bonds sold by the Club. A gift of £3,790 from that Club was made to the Lord Mayor's fund of LONDON, ENGLAND, at a meeting of the LONDON Rotary Club. At the same meeting, a gift of £73 from District 195—including Vermont and portions of New Hampshire and Quebec—was presented.

## Wives Use 'Our Magazine,' Too!

Wives of Rotarians at GRAND LEDGE, MICH., put THE ROTARIAN to a use that Rotary Clubs might find apt. Meeting in a home luncheon held at the same time as their husbands' Club meeting, they found their places at

the tables by assembling jigsaw puzzles which when solved were recent covers from THE ROTARIAN.

Among the many Rotary Clubs which find unique uses for this magazine is that of SOUTH PASADENA, CALIF. If its members don't read this department—and others—it may cost them a fine, or at least private embarrassment, for 35 quiz questions on feature articles and the departments of THE ROTARIAN popped up at a recent program. But members did well. They'd had warning.

## Iowa Clubs Trade Speakers

After a five-month trial, the HAWARDEN, IOWA, Rotary Club has adopted the exchange of speakers with neighboring Clubs as a regular monthly feature. A list of six volunteers is furnished the other Club, from which it selects one, and in turn submits a list of its members who will make the exchange talk.

## Vinita Applies the Ruler, Too

Spurred by articles in THE ROTARIAN (*What Makes a GOOD Town?*, January, 1941; and *Ottawa Applies the Yardstick!*, August, 1941), the Rotary Club of VINITA, OKLA., studied its community and found that the city has 30 acres of public parks, 1,228 telephones for 1,800 homes, 1,584 electric meters, 1,425 water meters, and 1,123 children enrolled in the schools with a school budget of \$46,000.

## Some Folks Make, Not Take, Pictures

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Rotarians who looked at Denver Convention pictures in recent issues of THE ROTARIAN rubbed their eyes when they saw a special edition of the Club's publication, the *Rotary Chatt*. Here many of the same photographs were reproduced, but the Red Rocks of the Red Rocks Park were surmounted by Chattanooga; the Indians who greeted

<b>Alva Rotary Club</b>		<b>Nº 43</b>
ALVA, OKLA., 7-21		1941
PAY TO THE ORDER OF Rotary International		\$69 <sup>10</sup>
SIXTY NINE & 10/100		DOLLARS
TO CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK,		ALVA ROTARY CLUB
86-129 ALVA, OKLAHOMA.		SECRETARY

A PICNIC supper, with every member of the Alva, Okla., Rotary Club and many of their ladies present, raised the sum of this check for the aid of English Rotarian victims of the war.

President Armando de Arruda Pereira were Chattanoogaans, the husbands on strike at the style show for the ladies were Chattanoogaans! Just a little trick of pasting in heads of the local boys.

**Groups Meeting—** The only Rotary Club in NEWFOUNDLAND, ST. JOHN'S, has a hard-to-equal record of Youth Service. The Club originated the Children's Playground Association, and for some years supported it alone. But when the movement grew, the Club "moved over" and let the community share.

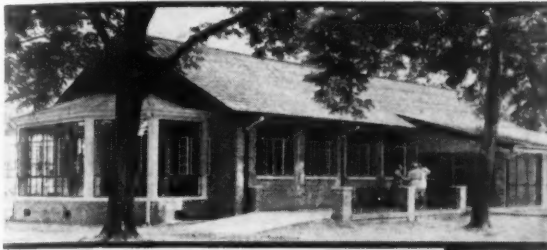
In turn, the Rotary Club inaugurated



Photo: Chicago Tribune

**HEADS UP!** Here come the Bengal Guards of the Orange, Tex., High School as they march at the Chicago Tribune's Music Festival. The organization is the unique philanthropy of H. J. Lutch Stark, a Past International Vice-President. He provides uniforms, instruments, inspiration. . . . (Left and below) The new \$25,000 convalescent ward for orthopedic cases Mobile, Ala., Rotarians recently added to the Mobile Infirmary which they established nine years ago.

Photos (left and below) Mobile Press Register



the Sunshine Camp, where Summer vacations are enjoyed by several hundred children. This, too, has become city-wide—though all of the board of directors of the Sunshine Camp and most of the board of the Playgrounds are Rotarians.

But arising out of various groups of Rotarians living in the same neighborhood have come organized groups with original names ("The Bulldozers," "The Kill Kare Krowd," et cetera) and definite evening meetings. Though superficially these groups are for play, each has a program of personal service.

One group, for instance, "looks after" a sanatorium, supplying reading matter and entertainment, as well as personal visits frequently. Another performs a like service for the Mental Hospital. Another visits and supplies entertainment for the Old Ladies' Home, and another for a hospital children's ward.

Many of the services rendered are purely personal—writing letters and telegrams for patients, spending hours in conversation with lonely inmates. Still other services are Christmas parties for various institutions, put on by the groups—for the Club furnishes some 200 hampers annually to poor families.

The groups furnish two outlets for service—Community Service on a large and personal scale, and the joy of fel-



**THE ROTARY CLUB** of St. John's, Newfoundland, originally sponsored the Children's Playground, the swimming classes of which are shown above. But when it became a civic enterprise, the Rotary Club founded the Sunshine Camp (left) for country vacations for city children. Though this, too, has become a city-wide project, Rotarians still take active part in both.







WHEN its Denver Convention delegates reported to the Harrisburg, Pa., Rotary Club, their presentation aided them. The day was complete with cowboys, cowbells, Indians, ten-gallon hats, and neckerchiefs. A menu of Western foods was one of the meeting's unique features.

Photo: B. H. Stone



UNLESS they remembered to bring a piece of old aluminum for the Club's share in the local drive, Huntington Park, Calif., Rotarians had to buy a pan at the Club meeting.

Photo: Tony Sandone



A LITTLE fun now or then is relished by most serious of men—so the incoming officers of the Scranton, Pa., Rotary Club were "sentenced" to serious office in hilarious fashion.



INSPIRED by the Denver Convention, perhaps, Endicott, N. Y., Rotarians staged a professional rodeo for their community, which raised \$4,000 for the Club's Community Service Fund.

lowship not only for fellowship's sake, but to render larger service.

### Everybody Came to the Meeting

One hundred percent meetings are not rarities, though assuredly not common, but usually a few "make-ups" are included. However, two Rotary Clubs in BRAZIL—PIRASSUNUNGA and São José do Rio PARDO—each had a 100 percent meeting recently at which every member was at his own Club.

And though the ASHEBORO, N. C., Rotary Club didn't have a 100 percent meeting, it did have 15 members with 100 percent for the year.

### Little Labors Loom Large

"Just a lot of little things that add up to one big job," the Rotary Club of CLAYTON, N. Y., could say of its program. It can list 26 achievements in Community Service this past year. These include testing of eyes and glasses for needy students and provision of dental care as well, participation in the purchase of an "iron lung" for a hospital, sponsorship of a Girl Scout troop, coöperation with 4-H and Future Farmers, entertainment for selectees—and a host of other services.

### Rotary at Work in Inca Land

A children's playground has been inaugurated in the ancient Inca capital of Cuzco, PERU, by the Rotary Club, filling a long-felt want. . . . The AYACUCHO, PERU, Rotary Club has launched the project of a philharmonic club for the community.

### Club Holds Clinic for Crippled Tots

When the Rotary Club of ALPINE, TEX., held one of its periodic crippled-children clinics not long ago, coöperation from others was abundant. Local young ladies kept the records. The State Education Department, neighbor Rotarians, nurses, case workers, county officials, and friends all pitched in to help. ALPINE ladies served luncheon to all in attendance. Children found to need hospitalization were to be sent to EL PASO, as has been the custom following earlier clinics.

### Good Indians Are Boy Scouts

Many Rotary Clubs sponsor Boy Scout troops, but the ROCK HILL, S. C., Club sponsors a troop composed entirely of Indians. The Catawba Indian Reservation is near-by, and the Rotary Club sponsors not only a troop for the older Scouts, but also a "den" of Cub Scouts for the younger boys of the reservation. The young Indian Scouts have proved high-honor winners at Area Council "Camporees."

### What One Club Can Do—and Did!

The Rotary Club of JAMSHEDPUR, INDIA, has 59 members. Yet without State or municipal aid, they have financed a leprosy survey that has, in 22 months, visited 17,704 houses in 35 near-by communities, examined 85,225 men, women, and children, and found 373 cases of leprosy. More than 100 cases are under observation. The Club also maintains clinics for treatment.

# Scotch paddings

**GIVES Profits Away.** HARRY E. HOVEY, of Geneva, N. Y., 1940-41 member of the Finance Committee of Rotary International, has announced that all net profits after dividends of his Market Basket Corporation, which operates 260 food stores in New York and Pennsylvania, will be divided among its 1,200 employees during this period of national emergency.

**Three Nations, Not Two.** The Lewiston, N. Y.—Queenstown, Ont., Rotary Club has long boasted of its dual nationality, but it can now boast a third nation in its membership. Recently, it accorded honorary membership to MELVIN PATTERSON, a member of the Tuscarora Indian nation. ROTARIAN PATTERSON has been extremely active in stimulating the young and old of his people in self-help activities. He is secretary of the Tuscarora Agricultural Society, publicity chairman of the Six Nations Association, advisor for the 4-H Club. He is a graduate of George Washington University, worked in Washington, D. C., libraries and on newspapers, and is now staff agricultural writer of the Buffalo, N. Y., *Courier-Express*.



Patterson

**Celebrating.** When the Lansing, Mich., Rotary Club celebrated its 25th birthday recently, the chef and the hotel manager presented E. M. WANGER, then President, with a gorgeous four-decker cake, surmounted by a Rotary wheel. . . . And at the Kingston, N. Y., Rotary Club's silver anniversary, DAVID BURGEVIN, who has only missed two meetings since the founding—and none since 1918—was suitably honored, along with ROTARIAN JAMES G. CONNELLY, who has been called for service in the Army.

**Fifth Club.** The 11th new member to join the Silver Spring, Md., Rotary Club in its first year should be able to tell the Club how Rotarians do it elsewhere. For, for HOMER BRETT this is the fifth Club in the fifth country to which he has belonged. Previously he was a member of the Rotary Clubs of Nottingham, England; Milan, Italy; Rotterdam, The Netherlands; and Lima, Peru!

**Attendance Contest.** To honor their Outgoing Governor, GEORGE A. KELLY, the Rotary Clubs of the 128th District held a competition in which each Club tried to see how many 100 percent meet-

ings it could have. Total—68 perfect meetings for 33 of the 56 Clubs—and a place in the "high ten" for the District for the first time in several years!

**'Mr. Rotary.'** For some years the Rotary Club of Montevideo, Uruguay, has distributed gifts to children in asylums and patients in tuberculosis and leprosy sanitariums. Each gift is marked "A present from Mr. Rotary," but all know ROTARIAN RICARDO J. ALONSO by that title, for he has always been the one to deliver the gifts. In addition, he usually manages to eat his Christmas dinner at the lepers' table in the isolation hospital—something most people would shrink from doing. *Rotaruguary*, published by the Rotary Clubs of Uruguay, calls this "a happy expression of infinite compassion."

**Thank You!** Every week the last page of *The Rotary Spokesman*, weekly bulletin of the Wahiawa-Waialua, Hawaii, Rotary Club, contains a discussion of one article from the current ROTARIAN. And each week it's written by a different member.

**That's Rotary!** From Sydney, Australia, to Hobart, Tasmania, and return is 1,200 miles, but SIR HENRY BRADDON, K.B.E., a member of the Sydney Rotary Club, made the trip just to address the Hobart Rotary Club on British-American relations. SIR HENRY was formerly Australian High Commissioner in the United States.

**Honors.** Before a meeting to which all Rotarians, Kiwanians, and Lions of Sumter, S. C., were invited the Mayor announced the establishment of an annual award for the citizen who had done the most for the city in the preceding year. The award was donated by A. T. HEATH, honorary member of the Rotary Club, and the first recipient was ROTARIAN JOHN J. RILEY. Token of the award is "the finest American watch money can buy" or a silver service, announced ROTARIAN HEATH, who gave the dinner. . . . His 50 years of leadership in Wisconsin's important cheese-making industry were signalized by the fellow Rotarians of PHIL H. KASPER, of Clintonville, Wis., in a resolution signed by every member.

Three St. Louis, Mo., Rotarians were recently appointed to high office by the new Governor of the State: ELMER KEITEL to be chairman of the State Unemployment Compensation Commission; A. D. WELSH, chairman of the St. Louis County Election Board, and JOHN WEBER, a member of the same board.

CHARLES J. BURCHELL, who, as Ca-

nadian High Commissioner to Australia, has been a member of the Rotary Club of Canberra, Australia, has just been appointed first High Commissioner to Newfoundland. He is a Past Vice-President of Rotary International.

Latest Rotarians called for special service are J. CAMERON ASPLEY, of Chicago, Ill., who has been made Industrial Relations Advisor to the Office of Production Management, and RUSSELL C. DUNCAN, President of the Rotary Club of Minneapolis, Minn., who has been called to act as Special Advisor in the Industrial Supplies Division of the Office of Production Management. . . . The "honorary degree" of M.R.S.—Master of Rotary Spirit—was awarded to DR.



LOOK ALIKE? They did to Bronx, New York City, Rotarians. They are District Governor Raymond L. Korndorfer, of the Bronx, and C. A. Petty, of New York City, guest at a meeting. Know any other Rotary look alikes?



MEET the Smiths of Hillsboro, Tex. Father Dr. Ben C., President of the Rotary Club in 1922-23; Son Dr. N. C., President 1941-42.



POSED in cartoons as he was "deposed" as the President of the La Mesa, Calif., Rotary Club, R. M. Levy received numerous presents, later found to be "borrowed" from his store.



HARRY UPPERMAN, president of Baxter Seminary and a member of the Rotary Club of Cookeville, Tenn., by the Rotary Club of Clifton Springs, N. Y., at which he is a frequent visitor.

King George VI of England has conferred the coveted C.B.E. (Commander

Photo: News Chronicle



NOT Winston Churchill, but his double, Rotarian Cam McEwen, leading a recent Victory Loan parade at Port Arthur, Ont., Canada.

Order of the British Empire) on ROTARIAN M. K. LO, of Hong Kong. . . Four members of the Jacksonville, Fla., Rotary Club were honored recently: JOHN T. ALSOP was elected Mayor and appointed local chairman of the USO (see pages 6 and 23 of your September ROTARIAN); JOHN L. FAHS was made State administrator of the National Defense Savings program; HENRY L. PARAMORE was elected president of the Tuberculosis Association of Duval County; and HUNTER LYNDE was made chairman of the Chamber of Commerce committee on soft-water supply.

Three Toronto, Ont., Canada, Rotarians hold important positions in the Canadian Jewelers Association drive to raise \$50,000 for war purposes: BERGER E. EKBLAD is chairman; ROBERT E. DAY, vice-chairman; and GARNET DINSMORE, publicity director.

**Shirt-Sleeve Slavers.** Custom vs. comfort—and custom lost out in Raleigh, N. C., when ROTARIAN JOHN A. PARK, publisher of the Raleigh Times, entered a press conference of the State Governor in shirt sleeves. On the spur of the moment he signed GOVERNOR J. MELVILLE BROUGHTON to the "Shirt-Sleeve Slavers," and got him to shuck his coat and get down to sleeves as long as he had to slave. When last heard from, the infant organization of 66 charter members was getting down to work—in its shirt sleeves. The code of the S.S.S. is rigidly loose.

**Return Visit.** In a speech to the Rotary Club of Zurich, Switzerland, EMILE BERTHOD, Past President of the Rotary Club of Paris, now residing in Tarbes, France, mentioned that 17 years previously he was one of five who came to Zurich to found the Club. One of the others, he said, had died, one had returned to the United States, and the remaining ones were still in Paris. In the name of his compatriots, he thanked

the Swiss Clubs for the work of succor for French refugees and children.

**Rotary Flutist.** ARCH C. KLUMPH, Past President of Rotary International, and his flute were featured recently in the Cleveland, Ohio, Press in a page of pictures of the local "Hermit Club," in whose orchestra he has played since 1905. For many years he was a flutist with the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. He is the only member of the original Hermit Club Symphony Orchestra still active in its playing.

**Dues Roll In.** The 75 members of the Lockport, N. Y., Rotary Club are not dunned for dues, J. R. SILLESKY, Treasurer, writes. They can pay when they please, but if they have not paid by the time for the Club's semiannual report, they are automatically dropped! So far, none has been dropped.

**One Man Did It.** In India, as everywhere, it's "Service above self." The war record of ROTARIAN V. SUNDARAMURTHY, of Bangalore, is an example. When the war broke out, he offered 2,000 tons of chrome ore to the Government—value about \$40,000. It was accepted, of course.

Photo: Rotarian C. H. Britton



BARBECUED beef, fresh from chef to mouth of John A. Guinn, Governor of District 129, at a McAllen, Texas, Rotary Club celebration.

During 1940 he raised about \$8,000 for the Mysore War Fund (plus \$800 personal donation), \$2,300 for the War Relief Fund, and \$450 for the Hospital Fund. Early in 1941 he raised \$1,750 for the War Fund and \$350 for the Flying Club and is now busy with two events to raise additional funds.

In addition, ROTARIAN SUNDARAMURTHY writes that early in the war he "offered personal services of my two sons and myself. One son already commissioned and the other expecting commission very shortly. Nothing heard regarding myself although it has been insistently offered."

**New Record for Records.** Since December 9, 1913, ED T. BONDS, Secretary of the South Bend, Ind., Rotary Club, has kept minutes of every Board meeting,

Club meeting, every individual attendance record, "and whatnot." Which makes some sort of records record, does it not?

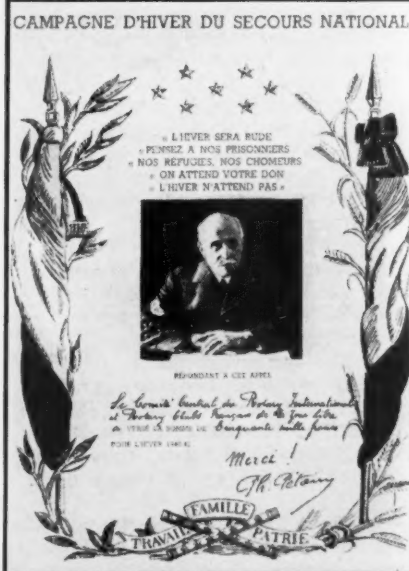
**Governors' Wives, Please Note!** As Immediate Past Governor of the 113th District, D. D. MONROE, of Clayton, N. Mex., has put his heart into this bit of verse:

#### HOMEcoming

"Ma, who's that man that just came in?  
He's new to me—I'm scared of him!"  
Scared of him?—Why listen, hon'—  
That's your father—you're his son!  
"My father? Please don't kid me, Mummer,  
Father went away last Summer."  
Oh, he didn't exactly leave, my lover—  
Father became a District Gov'nor;  
He's been out visitin' Rotary men,  
And makin' speeches, 'n greetin' friends;  
But now his term's expired, so he  
Has no place left to go, you see;  
No place left for him to roam,  
So now, at last, he's comin' home.  
Don't be scared, go kiss the clown;  
You'll know him, dear—when he's settled  
down.

**Special Rodeo.** A party of 32 New York Rotarians and families on the way home from Denver stopped off at Cheyenne, Wyo., where, as guests of the Rotary Club, they were entertained on the cattle ranch of ROTARIAN BERT MCGEE, classification: "Rancher." After an outdoor luncheon, they watched an impromptu rodeo staged by the "hands," with ROTARIAN MCGEE himself showing his branding skill, while an announcer broadcast the events.

**Rotarian Authors.** ROTARIAN DR. JOSEPH WHEELER, librarian of Baltimore, Md., has written, jointly with A. N. Githens, architect, *The American Public Library Building: Its Planning and Design*. . . New light on the discovery of gold in South Africa is thrown by *A History of the Discovery of the Witwatersrand Goldfields*, by ROTARIAN JAMES GRAY, of Johannesburg, South Africa, and his wife, ANN ETHEL L. GRAY. . . JUDGE ERNEST L. REEKER, a member of the Madison, Nebr., Rotary Club, several times a contributor to THE ROTARIAN,



THE ROTARY Clubs in unoccupied France gave 50,000 francs to the Winter Succor Fund and received this citation from Marshal Pétain.

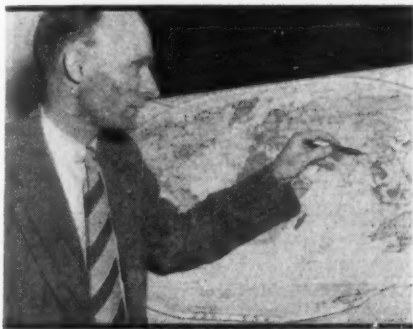


has written *Children at the Crossroads*, dealing with his experiences with juvenile delinquents. Of the 1,400 and more children who have appeared before him, only six have returned to a life of crime!

**'Time to Re-Tire.'** For men over 60, who have been "pushed aside," HONORARY ROTARIAN WILLIAM H. SNYDER, of Elmira, N. Y., has organized the *Ancient Order of Flat Tires*, whose monthly "inflat-ions" are fun sessions par excellence.

**Chemical Prodigy.** Since no funds were available for the special education of 9-year-old JORGE FERNANDEZ, an Argentinean boy who has already passed in chemical knowledge the usual equipment of a college sophomore (see *Time*, May 26, 1941), ROTARIAN DR. HORACIO DAMIANOVICH, Past Governor of District 32, to whom the parents of the lad have passed control of their son's education, received a grant of 5,000 pesos for the current year from his Rotary Club, that of Buenos Aires.

**Civic Improvements.** Since ROTARIAN OCTAVIO ZOBOLI became Mayor of Rafaela, Argentina, his administration has completed four children's playgrounds, completely equipped, in different sections of the city; has built the municipal feeding center, where 180 underprivi-



FROM Chengtu, China, where he is a member of the Rotary Club, F. Olin Stockwell traces on a map his route to Rotary's Chicago Offices.

leged children can be fed; and has cleaned up and beautified the streets and parkways of the city.

**Just a Fish Story.** En route home to Macon, Mo., from the international Convention at Denver, J. PRESLEY POUND, President, and KRING ALLEN, Secretary, of the Rotary Club, joined a Rotary fishing party to Bear Creek Canyon. Of the party of over 150 Rotarians, they were the uncrowned champions, and were able to ship home enough "Convention" rainbow trout to feed the whole Club. Incidentally, both ROTARIANS POUND and ALLEN write their names with a "Rev." in front.

**Editors' Junket.** Among the 24 newspaper editors from the United States who recently made a ten-day tour of the Canadian Province of Ontario as guests of the Ontario Travel and Publicity Bureau were nine Rotarians from

seven different States. In the photo (below) they are shown with two of their hosts, both Rotarians also: (Front row, left to right) THOMAS C. SUMMERHILL, Salem, N. J.; ROMAINE MCCALL, Ithaca, Mich.; CHARLES RAY, Cranford, N. J.; HARMON E. RICE, president of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association, Huntsville, Ont. (Second row) CHARLES M. MEREDITH, Jr., Quakertown, Pa.; GEORGE A. JOPLIN, Jr., Somerset, Ky.; WILLIAM D. FISH, Coudersport, Pa.; ROWAN D. SPRAKER, Cooperstown, N. Y. (Back row) W. L. SCHMITT, Carlinville, Ill.; H. A. MACLENNAN, president of the Hotel Association of Canada, Hamilton, Ont.; RAYMOND HOWARD, London, Ohio, president of the National Editorial Association.

**Sounds Like Rotary.** The president of the Vancouver (B. C., Canada) Preventorium is ROTARIAN J. N. HARVEY;



TAKING a pre-1942 Convention look at Toronto, Canada, are these Rotarians, members of a party of 24 from the United States.

vice-president and chairman of the finance committee is ROTARIAN E. HELLWELL; chairman of the medical advisory committee is ROTARIAN DR. WM. HATFIELD; and chairman of the purchasing committee is ROTARIAN CHARLES J. MCNEELY, President of the ROTARY CLUB of Vancouver. The Preventorium is a place for children who have been exposed to open tuberculosis in their homes, but have not yet contracted the disease.

**Rotary in 1793?** A document dated March 4, 1793, giving the speech of the president of the "Social Club of Kittery, Maine" bears a distant relation to the First and Third Objects of Rotary, and is therefore of interest to Rotarians. It reads:

We are met again agreeable to our constitution. I have nothing in particular to lay before you, but to recommend to you your constant and firm attention to the fundamental principles of and upon which this club is founded, viz., the advantages that may be derived from a free and liberal intercourse of sentiments; that friendly associating ourselves together may be productive of much good; and that good neighborhood, love, peace, and harmony may be inculcated and promoted.

I have, and I do persuade myself that every member of this club will do his utmost to promote good neighborhood, love, peace, and harmony throughout this whole town according to the spirit and meaning of our constitution which in the first place



ROTARIANS visiting the Beverly Hills, Calif. Rotary Club are taken on "Cook's Tour" of movieland by Rotarian G. Kolb and his cap.

will be an ornament of praise to each individual and will dignify the club in general, and secondly will be productive of much good to the whole town of Kittery and from which said town may reap great and many advantages. . . .

**Chungking Sings.** Rotarians of Chungking, the much-bombed capital of Free China, have a meeting place which boasts two bomb shelters. And they have recently rewritten their own Club song, which they roar out:

*Rotarian brothers o'er ocean and sea,  
In world-famous places wherever you be,  
In praise of your cities the welkin may ring  
We're proud of your glories, but still we will sing—of*

CHORUS:

*Chungking, famous Chungking,  
Of all the world's cities the most unique thing.  
Some folks think it's hilly,  
But we think that's silly,  
So "Wan Sui," here's to Chungking.*

*In 5,000 places, a Rotary home  
Is open to members who happen to roam,  
We share in the fellowship here in the West;  
Our doors are wide open; we'll serve you the best—in*

CHORUS:

*Our city's a marvel some seek to destroy,  
To burn us, to bomb us, they seem to enjoy,  
But whate'er they do yet we never will move,  
The more their planes bomb us, the more we'll improve—our*

CHORUS:

*If you're in a hurry, but otherwise sane  
You'll travel to Chungking the quick way by plane,  
But if you'd see China and don't fear a wreck,  
Just travel by truck—it's a wonderful trek—to*

CHORUS:

**Speaker 'Traps' Tramp.** When the Rotarians of Jacksonville, Ill., sat back to listen to their speaker, M. M. CRUFT, who was to speak on the history of Vincennes, Ind., they were surprised to have him introduce to them, as his substitute, a tramp in dingy rags, whom he had picked up en route to the city. The tramp was an authority on James Whitcomb Riley, CRUFT explained. But when the tramp had put down his battered suitcase and, hesitatingly, began to speak, the audience forgot his tatters and listened to an hour of Riley's poems, with witty comments. It turned out that the "tramp" was really Rev. W. S. NEELY, of Virginia, Ill., a noted authority—in fact—on Riley.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

## Should U. S. Employers Organize?

**Yes!—Almon E. Roth**

*[Continued from page 12]*

wages, hours, and working conditions, but also in the field of politics, local, state, and national. The question, therefore, is not whether we should set up pressure groups, but rather whether we shall curtail the power of highly organized existing pressure groups by setting up organizations to create that balance of power which is so essential to the successful operation of democratic processes.

It is a patent fact, whether you like it or not, that the Federal Government today, through the National Labor Relations Act, through the Department of Labor, and through the National Defense Mediation Board, is urging and stimulating organization of employees into unions; it even goes so far as to throw its weight in favor of closed-shop contracts under which an employee *must* belong to a union in order to work. So, with powerful international unions operating in virtually every major industry in the country, what is left to the individual employer except to join with his fellow employers to match the strength of Government-blessed unions as far as possible in their constant demands for increasing wages and shorter hours, causing rising production costs?

Just what form employer organization should take must be shaped by the economic facts and other conditions in any given industry. Whether the employer organization should be local, regional, or national is another question to be determined by the facts—just as they determined the structure and objectives of our San Francisco Employers Council, which is purely local and was forged by forces at work within San Francisco.

The component parts of employer organization, as we have worked it out in San Francisco, are industry groups, such as wholesale distributors, hotels, water-front employers, restaurants, and others. These groups were organized autonomously and maintain their autonomy as far as the central council is concerned. Their purpose is to deal collectively on a group basis in their relations with the unions operating in their industries. In other words, they have substituted the industry-wide or master contract for the old various and individual contracts between separate establishments and the unions.

These industry groups of employers did not develop their organizations out of the thin air of theory. They were forced to do so in order to match as far as possible the united strength of

the unions with which they were dealing. So far they've been reasonably successful, in that under the single master agreement they have created mechanisms which have taken questions of wages, hours, and working conditions out of competition between competing units within their groups. Moreover, under the single contract they have reduced the potential hazards of industrial conflict from many to one with great savings, not only to themselves, but to their employees as well as the community at large.

There is no evidence that these groupings of employers for contractual relations with union groups have produced any more class conflict than obtained under the old system of individual contracts with unions. Of course, where a union is organized or directed by class-conscious leaders with so-called social objectives, labor relations between such unions and employers are bound to be affected or infected with the particular brand of class consciousness favored by the union.

This is so, however, no matter whether you have a federated employer group matching the union's strength or whether you have the helpless individual employer attempting to match the united strength of the union. As far as the practicalities go, the development of class struggle is more likely to be stimulated by lack of employer organization to contend against unions animated by such ideas than it is to be retarded.

In proof of this, I must point to the successful defense of Pacific-coast ship-

ping by maritime employers against the class objectives of the leaders of certain maritime unions. It was only through tight organization that the objectives of these union leaders for class control of our ships and docks were blocked and the principle of private enterprise and management maintained.

Here we had democracy in action—groups free and independent contending against each other under the canopy and protection of government. Most authorities in political economy and sociology will agree with me, I am sure, in the thesis that free organization and operation of political, social, and economic groups is a hallmark of democracy. As we all know, such organizations disappear quickly under totalitarian regimes.

So, let us have no fear of employer organization to match labor organization in the field of industrial relations. Both are signs of health in our social and political structure. As long as they are strong and well disciplined, they will serve the best interests of America. It is only when one is weak and the other too powerful that we may look for serious trouble. The destruction of France may some day be laid to the failure of her employers to organize and match the strength of her labor unions.

Under the democratic concept of society, there is no utopia of universal prosperity. Nor under a system of free industrial enterprise is there any haven of labor peace. As long as men are free to struggle for the rewards of industrial effort, we are bound to have controversy. We cannot hope to eliminate it, nor should we if we could, because it is a sign of social health. As long as men have ambition, they will struggle to improve themselves and organizations are necessary mechanisms in this struggle—employer organization as well as organization by labor.

## Should U. S. Employers Organize?

**No!—Whiting Williams**

*[Continued from page 13]*

Federal legislation are generally believed to have brought labor peace. But any railway executive will tell you that this peace has been purchased only at the cost of discipline and inefficiency. The reason is that the referees, removed as they are from all contact with the given local situation, proceed to base decisions involving huge, almost ruinous sums in back wages, on neither the specific railway's existent agreements nor on those less formal regional practices and understandings which experience has shown wise for operating properly in wild deserts as compared with steep mountains or populated plains.

The result of this governmental "remote control" has been to force all local intangibles and also all regional and contractual certainties out of the picture!

Nor can any country as large as the United States gain much comfort from the more successfully centralized operations of the federated employers of Europe. England, Wales, and Scotland represent a square mileage roughly comparable to the States of Minnesota and Massachusetts. Sweden's population numbers about 7 million, living and working in a territory roughly equal to California. Such areas do not begin to offer anything like the range

of physical, climatic, and cultural conditions in the United States.

In both these countries, also, the employer has to deal with an employee group vastly less heterogeneous than ours. In neither country is there a foreign-born or born-of-foreign parents worker population worth slightest mention. Particularly in Sweden, furthermore, the level both of public education and of democratic tradition is considerably higher than that of our own worker group.

In both these countries, also, the employer deals with not only a higher type of labor leaders than we know here, but also a Government vastly more inclined than ours to give him a fair break.

Altogether, American employers have good reason to stop, look, and listen as they perceive that virtually all our most powerful labor leaders now join all those Federal officers who are least friendly to industry, in a common effort to extend and consolidate their power by means of nation-wide laws and nation-wide organizations.

It may be argued, to be sure, that it is exactly such efforts on the part of these leaders of labor and government which call for the employer's protection by means of equally national organization. But the logical result of such complete federalization and delocalization is pretty certain to be the nation-wide closed union shop.

3. With this, the stage is set for what is, I believe, the chief argument against any national union of employers in the United States: the fact that the employer unions of Britain and Sweden are based upon the assumption of a *working class*, an employer class, and the inevitability of conflict between them—with both sides frankly working to harden and intensify this undemocratic split, each for its own benefit. These unions furnished the President's Commission sent to study them in 1938 a picture of labor peace only because in both countries subsidized building booms and munitions-making prosperity happened, at the time, to permit a temporary truce—a truce likely to continue only so long as neither side felt strong enough to tackle the other!

The American democracy has been largely the result of the right of our humblest citizen, not so much to vote or even to go to school, but, much more important, to start at one level in the plant and hope to rise to a higher one. Here his ceiling has been unlimited. That knowledge and the hope it engenders have been the chief reasons why Americans have unloosed a volume of imagination, inventiveness, initiative, and plain, everyday effort and sweat that has given us the world's most productive, richest industry and the world's highest level of living. Europe

has nothing to compare with this because in Europe no worker is too dumb to know that, vote or no vote, school or no school, he'd quickly bump his head on the low roof prescribed for the working class. Of that low ceiling the chief cause is a nonexpanding, static industry.

All of which is to say that I am for the San Francisco Council because the local San Francisco situation made it necessary, but *against* any national council because I hope with all my heart that we can somehow side-step the development of such a national situation as will force our employers to seek industrial self-preservation through social and civic stratification.

But I must admit that I lack the courage to feel as certain as I could wish that we can here continue much longer without a working class, an employer class, and a fully organized battle between them—all in line with the detailed formula of Communism's Father Marx. Unfortunately, it has to be admitted that a host of signs makes it look as though this misfortune were written in the stars.

**T**HE efforts to break down the wage differentials and other perquisites formerly enjoyed by skill are fast reducing all to a working class: they thus support those evil stars. That support is vastly increased by the apparent unwillingness of both organized labor and organized government to take serious steps to purge away those who, like Harry Bridges, persuade their followers to "always demand more!"

Those same stars are supported by all those laws and all those Supreme Court decisions which insist that all workers must, willy-nilly, join a union, and that any signs of peace or cooperation between them and the employer must be considered phony or illegal.

So also all those political leaders who

until lately averred that American industry had shot its wad and was certain henceforth to be static, that all job opportunity was therefore gone, and that, accordingly, the worker should be interested only in that false variety of job security which can be established by legislative fiat and sustained by taxes.

Nor is it possible—now that so many laborers are buying their chance to work in closed-shop cantonments and munitions plants—for any thoughtful observer to feel sure that a few more years will not see America as a national closed shop, with every worker depending for his daily employment less upon the fairness of his incorporated employer than upon the totally irresponsible whim of his union leader.

Nevertheless there is still a chance to hope that the hard necessities of self-preservation by means of maximum production may force the abandonment of our too-ready acceptance of an "American working class" and an "American class conflict." Inglewood, California, may mean that a stand is finally to be taken against all those leaders who would endanger defense in order to buttress their own vested interests. An alarmed public opinion may force our present labor Government to drop its policy of day-to-day expediency and devote itself to evolving a genuinely constructive labor policy.

All this is unfortunately far from certain. Meanwhile, therefore, we can be grateful to San Francisco for showing how an intelligent community can protect itself when crisis comes. But meanwhile, also, every well wisher of American employer and employee alike will continue to hope that no similar crisis may come to enough factory gates throughout the land to force similar federation on a national scale. For such federation spells separation, and separation is too likely to put a period to the world-famous success story of American democracy.

### By Way of Review

The San Francisco Employers Council, which both debaters mention and Debater Roth heads, has been the theme of articles in other magazines—for instance, that by Frank J. Taylor, *San Francisco's Cure for Strikes in The Reader's Digest* (October, 1940), and *Collective Bargaining by Employers in Business Week* (October 26, 1940). In *THE ROTARIAN* for February, 1938, Farnsworth Crowder told of the arbitration of disputes between West-coast employers and employees in an article entitled *Taming Waterfront 'Beefs.'*

ROTARIAN readers perhaps will wish to review also Past President Roth's contribution to a three-way symposium in the April, 1940, issue, *Employers, Employees—and the Public*. Another ROTARIAN symposium on the theme is *How to Insure Industrial Peace* (June, 1941).



"IT'S ALL on me! I have just become the proud son of a 165-pound father."



## Talking It Over

[Continued from page 4]

sport. He didn't know I was raised on a farm, but he also didn't try to welsh on his agreement. I wonder what he will say when he receives this extra \$100 check?"

That morning I received a "double daily" lesson in good sportsmanship.

### Re: Wigmore on Action

From JAMES A. RAHL

Editor-in-Chief, *Illinois Law Review*  
Chicago, Illinois

The article by John H. Wigmore in the August *ROTARIAN*, *Lawyers of the Americas, Wake Up!*, is very interesting and, I think, very significant. Like most progressive ideas advanced to the legal profession, however, I fear that it will go unnoticed unless someone does something soon in a very concrete fashion. The Inter-American Bar Association is an excellent beginning. But lawyers must be trained for Latin-American practice, and, sadly, there is no opportunity whatever for such training in the modern law schools.

Perhaps the law reviews can do something. We are open to suggestions.

### Re: Wigmore on Evidence

By THOMAS A. GONSER

Director, Dept. of Development  
Northwestern University  
Evanston, Illinois

John H. Wigmore's *Lawyers of the Americas, Wake Up!* is an extremely interesting revelation, and it seems rather pathetic that "of 170,000 lawyers in the United States, only 42 are familiar enough with Spanish and Spanish law to practice it in that language." That certainly should arouse some of our people. We all realize that no one can play the game without rules, and lawyers seem to have just that job.

### More about Eskimos

From RICHARD FINNIE

Carp, Ontario, Canada

It was thoughtful of Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson to have asked you to send me a copy of *THE ROTARIAN* for August, and it was kind of you to have done so. I shall reward you by commenting on the article, *We See a Brave Race Die*, by Sydney R. Montague.

He justly pays tribute to the Eskimos as a fine race. But:

1. His figure representing the number of Canadian Eskimos is out by about 10,000 (if he had given the correct figure, it would have been more impressive in the context). There are about 6,000 Eskimos in Canada according to the last census. The diet and diseases of civilization have taken grave toll among them, but it is by no means certain that they "will end this race." The Eskimos are undergoing changes, to be sure, but they will unquestionably survive, if not as pure-blooded primitives. They are, in fact, showing an increase.

2. Eskimos do not destroy or batter down their igloos at the conclusion of

dance festivals, and dance festivals need not be confined to three days.

3. Property is individually owned, although it is often freely shared. Hard-working, skilful hunters commonly acquire more property than their fellows.

4. It is not true that "a baby has no separate identity from its mother until it is a year old," or that "it does not receive a distinguishing name until it has developed permanent characteristics, which its name then describes." Babies are usually named at birth after some deceased relative.

5. "... if his wife were chosen as a mother of the race, he would in turn become a father of sons." Mr. Montague no doubt refers to a notion he expressed in his book, to the effect that only a favored few Eskimo women are permitted to bear children, which is balderdash.

6. "He will not kill more than he requires for food, clothing," etc. I wish this were true. Unfortunately most Eskimos have yet to practice game conservation; they generally kill as much game as they can at every opportunity.

7. Caption under photograph: "Only married women smoke." Nearly all present-day Eskimos smoke, married or single. East of the Mackenzie River Delta the use of tobacco was introduced by white men, and nowhere is there any such taboo attached to it.

8. Caption under photograph: "This Inuit has Viking blood." If it is a Burwell native, the "Viking blood" was received via some itinerant Scandinavian (perhaps) within the past few generations.

9. The second-last paragraph is misleading. It implies that prospectors are only now beginning to venture into the Canadian North. Prospecting in the Canadian Arctic began with Frobisher during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was continued by Samuel Hearne in 1771, and has been carried on in earnest since early in this century. The first airplane crossed the Arctic Circle in Canada in 1929, and since then our northern mineral resources have been considerably developed, albeit the surface has hardly been scratched. We have oil wells and the richest radium mine in the world just south of the Arctic Circle, and producing gold mines a little farther south.

I must add that these comments are made without prejudice against Mr. Montague, who is a likable fellow. As a serious student of the Canadian Far North, however, I deplore error.

### CCC Men Ready to Talk

Says J. J. McENTEE, Director  
Civilian Conservation Corps  
Washington, D. C.

I was very much impressed by the excellent article on the Civilian Conservation Corps printed in the July *ROTARIAN* [*What CCC Taught Me*, by James W. Danner]. It is an unusually fine article.

I appreciate very much your printing this story, as it helps to give a large number of people a better idea of what we are striving to do through the CCC program.

I suppose you know that many CCC officials, especially the camp commanders and camp superintendents, have appeared before Rotary luncheon groups to discuss the CCC program. The camp officials are always glad to talk about the corps, and if any Rotary groups would like to have a CCC speaker, advise them merely to contact the nearest CCC camp or district.

### Used-Car Article Constructive

Asserts R. E. ANDERSON

Managing Editor, National Automobile Dealers Association Bulletin  
Detroit, Michigan

The article by Roy J. Weaver in the July *ROTARIAN*, entitled *So You're Buying a Used Car!*, was a very constructive piece of work, and coming from Mr. Weaver, who is a prominent dealer, it should be of great influence in correcting some of the abuses in the used-car business.

### 'They Believe I'm Mr. Anonymous'

Writes H. SAGE ADAMS, *Rotarian*

Insurance Executive  
New Haven, Connecticut

The article *I'm the 'Baby' of My Club*, by Anonymous [August *ROTARIAN*], has brought numerous comments from members of the Rotary Club of New Haven—all directed at me. Four times, so far, I have been accused of being Mr. Anonymous.

The parallel is interesting. In my case, too, the term "baby" doesn't refer to size: I weigh 160, and am six feet two. I became a Rotarian when I was 23. Coming out of college, I landed in my father's office of general insurance bonds.\* Here, needless to say, the parallel stops temporarily: Dad's business was far from being on the rocks.

I, too, can't recall exactly why I became a member of the Rotary Club. The Adams family has lived, eaten, and slept Rotary since I was very small, and I think I took as a matter of course Dad's expectation that I would become a Rotarian. Once again the parallel becomes evident: many of the members of the Rotary Club of New Haven were family friends, men I had known for years, men whose daughters had been my "dates," men whose sons had been my schoolmates.

As one of the Club's few bachelors, I got into a lot of different jobs. Rotary began to take a lot of time, and the enjoyment I received from it increased correspondingly. Then I got married, even as Anonymous did, with, of course, the accompanying advice and fun. Rotary has done much for me, too. I sincerely hope that I have been able to return in kind.

\*The writer of this letter is the son of Donald A. Adams, President of Rotary International in 1925-26.—Eds.

### Rotarian Widely Read in Camp

Notes HERBERT ADAMSON  
CCC Camp Educational Advisor  
Brigham City, Utah

For the past three years the Rotary Club of Brigham City has made possible a subscription to your magazine, and it is one of the most widely read maga-

zines in our CCC Camp. Different articles by outstanding writers are taken up weekly in the journalism class. You have a very active Club in Brigham City, and it has been a great help to us officers in the Civilian Conservation Corps.

Following is the winner of the "example of sportsmanship in business" letter contest announced in "The Rotarian" for September—based on Ray Giles' article titled "Good Sportsmanship Is Good Business."—The Eds.

### Sportsmanship Crowds Business

Says EDWIN B. MORAN, *Rotarian*  
Manager, Central Division  
National Association of Credit Men  
Chicago, Illinois

An example of sportsmanship in business! Why, business is crowded with examples of sportsmanship. Almost daily, in my contacts with treasury and credit departments, I observe instances of it.

The credit executive of today is not the long-faced "sourpuss" of the cartoonist's crayon, but an understanding, sympathetic, educated, and honest friendly ambassador of goodwill and helpfulness who is responsible for the mutually profitable and congenial relationship between the concern he represents and the customers.

I observed one a couple of days ago, who was out to collect \$600 past due. He found that the acceptance of it would precipitate a bankruptcy and, therefore, declined the payment and with the coöperative effort of other creditors is now supervising a reorganization of the debtor's affairs. Prospects are good for saving the self-respect and means of livelihood of the merchant.

Then there is Henry C., a credit manager in Chicago, who recently noted a merchant slowing up in his payments. He travelled 300 miles to "talk it over" and discovered the merchant's trouble was lack of systematic collection of his own receivables. He stayed with that merchant for three days, over the weekend, to install a collection system and to call on the merchant's consumer customers to explain the sanctity of credit, collect the accounts, or arrange for the liquidation of them, and thus probably saved the merchant's business.

It's part of his job, one might suggest. Yes, maybe it is, but too many would have written sharp letters and threatened suit and thought too much of their own convenience and the comfort of the week-end at home to do what Henry did. Then what would happen to the merchant? Probably bankruptcy before long, a lifetime vision of independent business gone, a job with someone else, or even relief.

A credit executive worthy of that responsibility really believes in Rotary's principle of "Service above self," and proves the adage that "He profits most who serves best" in everyday performance of his duty, without stopping to think that it's sportsmanship in business which pays substantial dividends in increased and profitable continuance of sales volume.

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## Opinion

Pithy bits gleaned  
from talks, letters,  
Rotary publications.

#### The Source of Democracy

LOUIS J. KOVAR, Rotarian  
Pastor, First Presbyterian Church  
Webb City, Missouri

A great many people feel that the good theory of democratic government should be labelled "Made in America." But the original signers of the Declaration of Independence were not the creators of the first democracy. Our secular school histories often leave us with the impression that democracy originated in Greece. This is a fine example of secular ignorance. Where did democracy originate? Turn to your Bible, Exodus 18:21. I quote: "Thou wilt provide out of all people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating unjust gain; and place such over them to be rulers of thousands, rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, rulers of tens; and let them judge the people at all seasons."—From a Rotary Club address.

#### Courtesy—Prestige Builder

A. E. McCULLOCH, Rotarian  
Dentist  
Laredo, Texas

More than anything else, perhaps, a genuine courtesy, shown toward everyone, has been responsible for the prestige which Rotary enjoys in the community. Everyone is treated with the greatest of courtesy. Our own local Club has always made a specialty of courtesy. As an indication of this, let me point out that one of your fellow Rotarians has, during his membership in the Club, signed something over 2,000 courtesy letters for the Laredo Rotary Club. These letters were invitations, letters of thanks, and the like. And because until recently there was no provision made in the Club budget for such things, this Rotarian has paid all this postage himself, simply because of his keen feeling in the matter of courtesy.—From a Rotary Club address.

#### Needed: More Rotary Influence

NEVA JACKSON  
Daughter of Former Rotarian  
Columbia, South Carolina

Fourteen years ago, on April 6, 1927, the Kellogg-Briand treaty was signed, familiarly called by many the "Pact of Paris." In many respects it was the most remarkable treaty ever drawn. It contained but two sentences. The first renounced war as an instrument of national policy, and the second agreed that all disputes would be settled by pacific means. It was signed by more nations than have ever set their approval on any other treaty or agreement; and so when we students were entering grammar school, we felt that the world was "rosy." . . . Now that we are about to graduate from college we find a world perplexed and sorely troubled. It would seem to us the cure would be more and more Rotary Clubs and more and more

Rotary influence.—From an address to the Rotary Club of Atlanta, Georgia.

#### Heritage of the New World

RALPH H. WETHERBEE, Rotarian  
Printers' Rollers Manufacturer  
Springfield, Ohio

Walter Lippmann said recently that no nation can continue to live and survive as a nation if the people in it cease to remember and no longer respect their own history. May we always remember that the first settlers of our country were men and women who fled to the New World to escape persecution, bigotry, and intolerance, and they gave to all mankind a new order, but a new order that was constructive, not destructive.—From a Rotary Club address.

#### Three Ideals

E. B. STURGES, Rotarian  
Osteopath  
Rawlins, Wyoming

We speak of ideals. Is an ideal a mere word just to be mentioned, or am I right when I think of it as one merging upon the sacred? Sir William Osler had this to say about ideals: "I have three personal ideals. One to do the day's work well, and not to bother about tomorrow. It has been argued that this is not a satisfactory ideal. It is; and there is not one which the student can carry with him into practice with greater effect. To it more than anything else I owe whatever success I have had—to this power of settling down to the day's work and trying to do it to the best of one's ability and letting the future take care of itself. The second ideal has been to act the Golden Rule as far as in me lay, toward my professional brethren and toward the patients committed to my care. And the third has been to cultivate such a measure of equanimity as would enable me to bear success with humility, the affection of my friends without pride, and to be ready when the day of sorrow and grief comes to meet it with the courage befitting a man."

#### Open the Windows

KENNETH ADDISON, Rotarian  
Physician  
Bondi Junction, Australia

May you have many apertures in your mind. Do not close them, for they are attributes which will enable you to see yourself, and by which you will learn to appreciate others and they you. A great new day lies ahead of us, in which it will take all degrees of constructive thought to maintain existing standards, and even greater degrees of skill for the establishment of new ones. This may be idealism, but is there never a man within whom there burns the spark of an ideal, be it ever so large or small? Fan it into flame and burn out those possessions of doubts and fears, the litter and the junk. We may not



all attain our ideals, most will probably fail, but the attempt to reach our goal will make us better men, for whom today the world stands sorely in need.

#### Loyalty Demands Unity

MORDECAI M. THURMAN, *Rotarian*  
Rabbi, Temple of Israel  
Wilmington, North Carolina

America has asked so little of its children and has ever given so much. This beloved nation for which "God sifted three continents" is waking from the coma of indifference and self-satisfaction and is girding itself mightily for whatever emergency may arise. Loyalty to America demands that all of us, irrespective of race, color, creed, or station in life, unite to promote and energize this program of national defense. Genuine Americans, conscious of their abundant blessings and high responsibilities, are doing just that in their various ways; and in so doing are helping all Americans to resist the poisonous germs of fear, compromise, and defeatism.

#### The Mission of Rotary

L. O. GRIFFITH, *Rotarian*  
Pastor, First Baptist Church  
Whitesburg, Kentucky

No man has the true vision of Rotary and its mission if his will to serve—place service above self—is not in it. This mission recognized success not by what a man had, but what he gave. It also recognized individual responsibility. Trouble is always brought when this responsibility is shifted. If the home shifts its responsibility to the school, church, state, or Federal Government, socialism and communism are the results—trouble. If the community dodges its responsibility, trouble is always the result. This mission must come from within. No memorized prayers brought it, no creed, repeated, inspired it, but God in the heart working out into the life.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

#### Making Democracy Live

SIDNEY A. SHANE  
Son of Rotarian  
Evansville, Indiana

The most important organization for boys in the United States and, for that matter, in the world is the Boy Scouts. The Scout oath, the Scout law, the Scout creed, and every phase of the vast Scout program deals with helping American youth to make democracy live. The best evidence to prove that the Boy Scouts play a large part in developing democratic thinking and action among American youth is the fact that the Boy Scouts have been banned in every country which has become a dictatorship.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

#### The Family—Heart of Citizenship

MARTIN DeVRIES, *Rotarian*  
Judge of Municipal Court  
Long Beach, California

Rotary knows that the heart of good citizenship is founded in the family, and, therefore, it listens to the cry of little children, it harkens to prayers for peace, it labors for progress in industry, and it upholds respect for law and decency. No man ever loved hu-

manity who despised his family or State. It is the love of all humanity—the love that dared to clasp the hands of others in fellowship—that began the adventure of the spirit of man as it reached out to embrace men everywhere. To this horizon you will find the eyes of every Rotarian fixed—and to this achievement you will find the lives of every Rotarian consecrated. With your prayers, and God's help, Rotary cannot fail in this great adventure.

#### Prepare for Peace Now

EDWARD H. SPICER, *Rotarian*  
Mfr., Organotherapeutic Products  
Watford, England

When this war is over, you are going to be faced with the shattered fragments of the crossword puzzle of the world; every fragment quivering with the suffering and agony of a war of unprecedented horror, violence, and brutality. Unlike the usual crossword puzzle, this one is capable of being put together to form more than one kind of a picture, and the way it is put together and the kind of new picture that is formed to represent our new post-war world are going to depend on the extent to which you and I use our God-given ability to think now and to work constructively as crusaders in a holy cause to play our part in the rebuilding. We did not think of the necessity of arming for defense and now we have the urgency of expensive improvisation and a period during which we have to watch the temporary triumph

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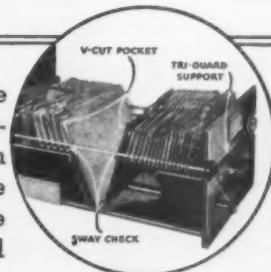
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of the doctrine of aggression. In the post-war world there will be neither time nor place for improvisation, and unless the situation in all its vast intricacy is prepared for now, there will be untold misery at best, and a possible dissolution of society, as we know it, at worst. Let the International Service Committee of the Glendale Rotary Club lead the way in undertaking a serious study of this matter, and carry it to District meetings and the international Convention. Then a new breath of life will sweep through the Rotary world, as it is given a task to perform which is worthy of its greatest efforts and its greatest powers, and which will stimulate many a man now wholly engrossed in his individual affairs, to make his best contribution toward the good of the whole.—*From an address to the Rotary Club of Glendale, California.*

#### Eliminating the Bars of Skepticism

K. F. WESTERMANN, *Shaft Mfr.*  
*Secretary, Rotary Club*  
*Carnegie, Pennsylvania*

Rotarians are peaceful citizens seeking to break down the prejudices of centuries of suspicion, mistrust, and misunderstanding. All these vicious troublemakers disappear when the sympathetic interest, patience, and unselfish effort of a Rotarian is expended on behalf of a fellow citizen. The overwhelming power of service to better mankind's shortcomings eliminates the bars of skepticism everywhere and, as time goes on, the mutual understanding developed by Rotary throughout the world will be the means of establishing a peace that works—east, west, north, south.

#### Idealists Are Realists

E. J. RICH, *Rotarian*  
*Vicar, St. Mathews*  
*Masterton, New Zealand*

The idealist has been regarded as an important sort of creature, but we are learning in a hard school now that the true idealist is the greatest realist of all. Our race does not wear its heart on its sleeve, but deep down in our minds is the conviction that there are values which are sound, conceptions eternally right. It is an idealism which has brought the champions of democracy through staggering blows.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

#### Way to Happiness

ALVIS M. YATES, *Rotarian*  
*Coal Retailer*  
*Lenoir, North Carolina*

Let us join the corps of idealists who soar aloft, who attain any desired heaven of beauty and contentment while the kingdoms of earth lie at their feet. Could we emulate the Negro who sings as he toils and get some of the fervor of *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*, we'd be a happier race.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

#### Wanted: Social Cement

C. A. PROSSER, *Honorary Rotarian*  
*Physician*  
*Minneapolis, Minnesota*

What we need in this country most of all is not a good 5-cent cigar, but the

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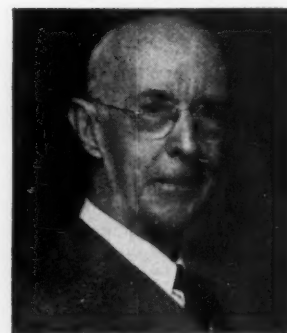
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kind of clear thinking and self-control that will set the future welfare of this country above our personal interests. We need some ideal, some rule of action, some attitude toward life, our fellow citizens, and the nation, that will serve as a social cement to bind us together as a people. Why not try "Setting the Unseen above the Seen!"—*From a Rotary Club address.*

#### **Science Is for All**

CHAUNCEY N. MYNDERSE, *Rotarian*  
General Manager, *Fulton Company*  
Knoxville, Tennessee

As has been stated, "science is the thing that sets off this age from all past civilizations." Science had little meaning during the periods of the past when the resources were considered inexhaustible. Now that nations, under great war risks, chase after coal, oil, gas, iron, copper, zinc, and the reserves of plant food as the guaranties of national prestige and existence, it is imperative that these basic things of security shall not only be known by scientists, but shall become the common knowledge of those who handle the throttles of industry, business, and government.

#### **The Basis of Civilization**

EARL E. KENNEL, *Rotarian*  
Pres., *Kennell-Ellis, Photographers*  
Seattle, Washington

Civilization means that friendship had to come into being. Before an organization can be formed, at least two persons must develop an acquaintance into friendship and before confidence can be born. When confidence is established, that organization can be completed. So when friendship is established, cooperation and service will follow, and that is civilization itself.

#### **A Lesson from Youth**

FRED MCK. RUBY, *Rotarian*  
Physician  
Union City, Indiana

When we wonder how Rotary will meet the various arising situations, just observe that youth adjusts itself to the changes which somewhat appall us who have left that stage some years back. I say to you that when Rotary ceases to adjust itself optimistically to changes that are constantly taking place in the world, just so soon can we say, "Well, Rotary is growing old. Can't take it anymore."—*From a Rotary Club address.*

#### **Continue International Activity**

FRANK M. HILLS, *Rotarian*  
Produce Wholesaler  
Auckland, New Zealand

We admit that the war has altered the face of everything, but the face only. Fundamentally it has altered nothing. We are of the opinion that we should go on with every little international activity that we can, such as our recent Consular luncheon, and that we should carry on with a deeper fervor, and try to widen our sphere of quiet reciprocal work and research. It is in this spirit of definite friendship and earnest endeavor that our International Service Committee functions, that the Club it-

self functions, that Rotary International functions.—*From a Rotary District Conference address.*

#### **The Living Depends on the Life**

KENDALL WEISIGER, *Rotarian*  
Telephone-Service Executive  
Atlanta, Georgia

The American way of life is the way of pioneering, of enterprise, of invention, of respect for the dignity of personality, of equality of opportunity, of association with men from many lands, and of respecting them for the contributions they have made to our culture. Without this sort of freedom, America would cease to be America, since the absence of liberty, and the presence of despotism, would so stifle our creative

impulses that the very souls of men would shrivel and die and they would become calloused to all the finer things of life. On the other hand, the American way of living has to do with such things as housing, the fruits of invention, with fine cars and streamline trains, with 40-hour weeks and with good pay, with bathtubs, glamorous women, washing machines, refrigerators, and a thousand and one gadgets—but these do not compose the American way of life. They are but the exponents of it, for without freedom of thought and action, we should not have had these things, all of which we would surrender if we still could retain our freedom.—*From an address to graduating class, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.*

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# Hobbyhorse Hitching Post

AS MANY a tourist has learned in recent weeks of American travel (which war-closed cruise lanes have encouraged), there is a growing interest in the regional cultures of the United States\* and its next-door neighbor nations. The zeal of this search for American beginnings, says HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS, is reflected even in the buying of antiques at local auctions—the hobby of this widely read travel-author and frequent ROTARIAN contributor. He elucidates that theme refreshingly below—in this month's hobby story.

**M**Y WIFE and I, recently returned from a motor trip across the United States, can offer some substantial first-hand evidence of a significant reawakening to "the American idea" and a widespread search for its roots. We ourselves, when we started out, were only half aware of the deep-rooted unity that welds our far-flung national community. We began our journey as Plymouth Rock New Englanders, chockful of sectional pride and impregnated with just a bit of arrogance for that provincial America beyond the sacred boundaries of the original Thirteen Colonies.

But now that we are back home again, we are obliged to confess that

\*See *America Rediscovered Itself*, by Farnsworth Crowder, in THE ROTARIAN for August, 1940.



AUCTION prizes: a red-spotted Staffordshire pottery dog (above) and furnishings in the bedroom of the author (right).

often we found the rural Kansan and Dakotan what we had secretly thought the New Englander ought to be, if not a little more so. We didn't really climb down off our Connecticut high horse until we had penetrated deep into the farming country of western Illinois. As usual, we put up for the night at a roadside "tourist home," picking one which appeared to be an early settler's home, probably of the General Grant period. In some vague way it made us think of our own Colonial house in Connecticut.

Up to now, we had been very East and they had seemed to be very West, but all this insular faldral was blasted when we were invited to join the family at supper, not as paying guests, but as fellow countrymen.

The eye opener began the moment we entered that house and found it to be half filled with excellent examples of early American furniture and furnishings. What were these Middle Westerners doing with our down-Eastern antiques? In due time we made polite inquiries.

"No. None of our folks have been East for generations," replied Ma, who was the spokesman of the family. "But this year we plan to take the children and all go to New York, Boston, and Washington."

"How in the world, then, did you ever get all these antiques?" We had been collecting antiques for years and knew what it meant.

"Oh, them," she went on; "why, they're just family pieces. It seems as though our folks always had 'em and handed 'em down."

"But they must have come from the East," we insisted.

"Sure they did. So did we all come from the East, in the first place. Pa's

family came from Pennsylvania. Mine from Massachusetts. My grandpa's pa drove our whole family all the way out here in one of those covered wagons. The same with Pa's folks. In the '50s, wasn't it, Pa?"

Pa smiled and nodded. We smiled too and said, "Oh, I see." But we were still puzzled. "But they couldn't have brought all this furniture with them?"

"No, they didn't. It's been coming along ever since, it seems. Why, as late as 1905, the very last of our family living in the old homestead back East died. There was no will and a houseful of old furniture. It was sent to 14 legal heirs spread all over the Union. That's one way it gets spread about, I suppose."

And Pa, in his quiet way, remarked, "The way I look at it is, I wonder if any one of us ever come to downright own these 'antiques,' as you call 'em. Ain't we rather their custodians, or guardians? I kinder think it's our duty to hold on to 'em, both for the sake of them that's gone before and them that's to come after. They pass down from generation to generation, from family to family, person to person, taking their part in life just as though they were real folks themselves."

This simple definition of antiques was better than any we had ever thought of. "How right you are," was all we could say, but following their train of thought we added, "It is the lives and traditions of those gone before who still live in and through them—as long as we continue to preserve them."

"Yes," said Ma, bringing out a fine American fiddle-back chair with a rush seat. "This was a wedding gift to one of my great-grandfathers who fought in the Revolution. Those two vases on the mantel, Grandma always told us, belonged in Ethan Allen's family in Vermont, to whom we're related. And just look at Grandma's old Boston rocker here! I couldn't leave that behind, no matter what come to pass. All our family's been rocked to sleep in that!"

We went to bed in an old cherry four-poster just a bit ashamed of our earlier vanities. We had had to come more than 1,000 miles west to learn the true meaning and value of our own antiques.

But wherever we went, we found an intense nation-wide interest in the val-



ues, dependability, and inherent goodness of earlier American things and associations, traditions and institutions! A lifelong interest in country auctions attracted us to many scenes where we could see this growing concern at work right before our eyes. Whether it happened to be down in the Indian country, in Kansas, or so frequently in California, we found the country auction to be the same American institution with which we had become so familiar in and about our own Redding, Conn.

Wherever we found them, these country auctions were virtually a signal for a local holiday. Near-by families drove in, bringing their picnic baskets. Collectors, dealers, and wealthy householders from distant parts drove 100 miles to get there. Country neighbors and "summer people" from the city got together and exchanged goods and ideas as they do nowhere else. And out of it all has grown the present-day popularity of "antiquing."

There is a big crowd present today. It is outdoors. The auctioneer takes up his stand on the edge of the porch, shaded by the honeysuckle vine.

"How much am I offered?" he repeats.

The crowd is silent, knowing that he is trying first to get rid of junky odds and ends.

"A quarter!" someone shouts.

The auctioneer is a comedian. He takes on the air of being very, very tired. "Ain't been readin' the jokes in the back of the *Farmer's Almanac*, by any chance? Offerin' me a quarter for a brand-new wash boiler only slightly used? Pretty near time to pick chickens for market, ain't it, when a boiler will come in handy? Twenty-five cents I'm bid. One bid ain't accordin' to Hoyle, you know. Who'll say 35? Thanks, lady, spoken like a gentleman. Fairly warned and fairly cried! Ain't agoin' to dwell, I'm goin' to sell! Goin'! Goin'! Gone! . . ."

The audience fidgets as he attacks them again. "What kind of a contraption we got here? Nursery refrigerator, it calls itself. But I don't care what kind of a jackanapes it is, I'm goin' to sell it. You start it and I'll cry it. How much? Quarter again, eh? You folks must 'a' been robbin' babies' banks! . . ."

The sale drags on. Bidding is desultory. Prices are ridiculously low. The auctioneer jokes and jibes his audience in vain. The majority have come for something else—the antiques! The moment they are brought on, the audience peeps up; there is excitement, spirited bidding, and keen competition.

Antiques are not just inanimate pieces of worm-eaten wood, or twisted iron, or faded fabric. For the most part, they are hand wrought, each with some distinguishing mark of the maker. They are often endowed with psychic values, personifying a past era or recreating a vanished scene. Let us look at some: Here is a Cape Cod rocking chair, with ladder back and short rockers and usually painted black. We paid \$15 for it.\* Old maple cord beds can still be picked up for \$10 in the country and for \$15 from city dealers. Cruder "spool"

bedsteads can be had for \$5 or \$6. "Sleigh" beds of Empire model run up to \$25. Four-posters run from \$20 to \$100, according to the crudeness or the fine pineapple carving. Ladder-back and fiddle-back chairs run from \$7.50 to \$25. Yet friends recently paid \$2,400 for a full dining-room set of historical American Queen Anne chairs with Spanish feet. The familiar Empire sideboards of elephantine proportions used to bring a couple of hundred, but in these latter days of confined space they can be had for \$50 to \$85. Duncan Phyfe with his lyre-motif furniture is scarce, consequently high in price and frequently faked. Genuine pieces are certainly cheap at from \$75. This does not mean that the novice antique buyer need have constant fear of imitations when buying objects in the lower price range.



A BIT OF atmosphere from a mellow period in American history is captured in this room in the author's home with its Boston rocker, hooked rug, spinning wheel, and horsehair sofa.

Imitations would in most cases cost more than originals and are not half so trustworthy as 100-year-old originals. Machine work may imitate, but can never duplicate them.

Old leather or cowhide trunks, so common among the pioneers, may be picked up for a few dollars. Corner cupboard comes a little high, at \$75 to \$100. Any astute amateur collector can fill one in time with bits of Lowestoft, Chelsea, and other chinaware that cost from 50 cents up. Old hooked rugs fit any room. Genuineness is more often doubtful than not, but the copies from Nova Scotia at least preserve the idea. Washington and other historical engravings can still be picked up, with prices leaping these days from \$6.

Occasionally you will come across a "find," or a "steal." I picked up my contemporary painting of Benjamin Franklin in an old attic in Danbury, Conn. The owner wanted to throw it in with the horsehair sofa I had just bought

for \$20, but I insisted on paying a dollar for it. I have refused \$300 for it.

One is fortunate in these days in being able to find illustrated books covering the whole field of antiques at the price of other popular books. Their pages are as fascinating and absorbing as history. Foot warmers, candlesticks, candle molds, bed warmers, spinning wheels, brass kettles, Paul Revere pierced lanterns, heirlooms of a nation to be had for a dollar or two apiece!

### What's Your Hobby?

If you'd like to be listed here, free, with other hobbyists—if you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family—just drop a line to THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM.

**Rocks:** Mrs. Guy S. Simons (wife of Rotarian—collects small stones of all kinds; will exchange), Jerome, Idaho, U.S.A.

**Cryptic Quotations:** R. C. Mason (col-

lects cryptic quotations of great minds which have an encouraging or a stimulating thought in their expression), Almond, N. Y., U.S.A.

**Stamps:** Walter Heintz (son of Rotarian—will trade stamps with other boys in Canada and Newfoundland), 1015 Franklin St., Santa Clara, Calif., U.S.A.

**Pen Pals:** Marieva McMurray (daughter of Rotarian—desires pen pals between ages of 15-19), 314 W. Pearce St., Goose Creek, Tex., U.S.A.

**Pen Pals:** Ruth Blake (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals in other countries; will exchange stamps), 542 5th Ave. S., Clinton, Iowa, U.S.A.

**Playing-Card Backs:** Mrs. C. K. Kincaid (wife of Rotarian—collects playing-card backs: jokers and extra cards; will exchange with other collectors who are similarly interested), 1946 Ekin Ave., New Albany, Ind., U.S.A.

**Perfume Bottles:** Charlotte Ann Beverly (10-year-old daughter of Rotarian—collects empty perfume bottles), Burlingame, Kans., U.S.A.

**Penholders, Penmanship:** E. H. Van Patton (ornate, plain, and old English lettering—fancy and plain oblique penholders; your name and information for purple stamp), Bath, N. Y., U.S.A.

**Stamps:** Frank M. Stager (collects stamps; will exchange), 201 Lawrence Bldg., Sterling, Ill., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM

\* Prices mentioned are merely fair values for guidance only.—AUTHOR.





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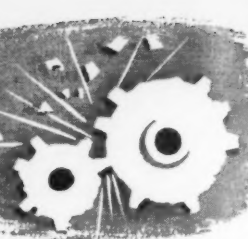
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## Stripped Gears



"SINCE Bill Jones heard about shuffleboard, his work is just play to him."

## My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. Here is a story which was submitted by A. H. Moyle, Secretary of the Rotary Club of Smethwick, England, and which "shows the spirit of the English people."

I am in the chain-store grocery business and some months ago one of our branch stores, the tenth to suffer, was damaged by blast from a bomb. I went down there and found the whole of the shop front gone, the front wall far from safe, and the roof badly damaged, but they were serving customers. I stood out on the footpath looking rather worried, wondering where we should find a tarpaulin sheet large enough to cover the roof, etc., when a workman who was sweeping up broken glass stopped by me and said:

"Cheer up, Guv'nor, think of the money you're going to save on window cleaning."

## Charade

My first is heard in mercantile resorts, And royalty my second brings to mind; My whole, a word that's very often heard,

Yet seldom is pronounced, as you will find.

## Numerical Enigma

I am composed of 49 letters, and embody in a familiar couplet the same idea

that is conveyed in the following quotation from Horace:

"Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem."

My 5-31-20-40 is part of a fork. My 36-24-48-4-11 are garden vegetables. My 18-42-2-22 is to fade. My 30-26-6-37 is a stately flower. My 45-33-15-8-27-38-17-25-34 is the name of an English poet born in 1714. My 23-29-41-13 is felled. My 43-39-19-47-14 are imitations. My 49-12-32-46-9-28 is the name of a wise and prudent king of Pylas and Messenia. My 35-3-16-44 is to partake of the principal meal in the day. My 21-7-1-10 is an ecclesiastical dignitary.

## Word Square

Five words, defined in the following way, when placed one above another, will form a word square:

1. Violent passion. 2. A tendon. 3. To sigh heavily. 4. To slip away. 5. To restore.

The answers to the three problems above will be found on page 63.—Ebs.

## Relapse

O what a thrifty lass am I  
Until another woeful dent  
Is put into my budget by  
A fashion shop's advertisement.

And sometimes I think mournfully  
That my outlook would be more sunny  
If fate had just bestowed on me  
More sales resistance or more money!

—May Richstone

## Tales Twice Told

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of  
him that hears it, never in the tongue  
of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.

## Sensible

Auntie: "And what will you do, my little darling, when you grow up to be a great big girl?"

Child: "Reduce."—Rotary News, VIR-  
DEN, ILLINOIS.

## Not Needed

A man had met with an accident and was carried into his home and a doctor called. When the doctor arrived and started to take care of the patient, the agitated wife asked:

"What's that stuff you're giving my husband?"

"An anesthetic," replied the doctor. "After he has taken it, he won't know anything."

"Then don't give it to him," the wife exclaimed. "He doesn't need it."—The Rotarianer Prater, WAVERLY, IOWA.

## Thinker

As a tall, athletic-looking man entered the room, he was greeted by many



"A lion escaped and, when everybody was yelling and trying to get away, he walked calmly to the lion's cage and shut himself inside."—*Rotogram*, LAKEPORT, CALIFORNIA.

"Dunno. Never heard her mention your name."—*Catalina Islander.*

Professor: "Here you see the skull of a chimpanzee, a very rare specimen. There are only two in the country—one is in the national museum and I have the other."—*Weekly War Whoop*, SENECA FALLS, NEW YORK.

Office boy (nervously): "Please, sir, I think you are wanted on the telephone."

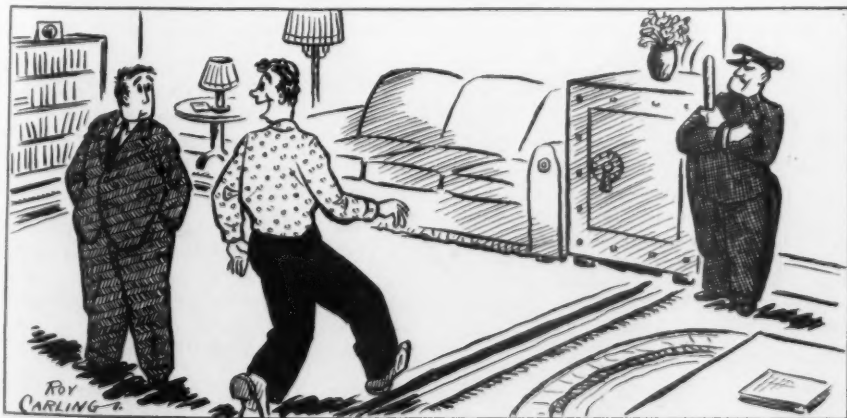
Office boy: "Well, sir, the man on the line said, 'Hello, is that you, you old idiot?'"—*The Aviso*, WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT.

A tourist stopped in front of a little country store, dumfounded at the sight of an enormous display of salt piled high on the premises. Stack after stack. Boxes, barrels, bags. Tons of salt, inside the store and out.

"No, I don't sell much," replied the storekeeper. "But you shoulda seen the guy that came here last week. He could really sell salt."—*The Mesa Cog*, MESA, ARIZONA.

"John, I found this letter in your coat pocket this morning. I gave it to you a month ago to mail."

"Yes, dear, I remember. I took that coat off for you to sew a button on and I'm still waiting."—*Rotary Bulletin*, STRATFORD, ONTARIO, CANADA.



"YOU NEVER SAW that prize-winning snapshot of mine? Just a second—I'll get it."

Anyone can supply a missing line in a limerick? The Fixer accepts the challenge! For the best line submitted to complete the bobtailed limerick below, he'll pay \$2—if it is received by December 1. Send your "best" or "bests" to The Fixer, Stripped Gears Department, care of "The Rotarian" Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois.—Gears Eds.

Our Governor's visit is o'er,  
We were glad when he came in the door,  
And we thought that his speech  
Was a pip and a peach—

K. C. Spaulding was President of the Rotary Club of Horse Cave, Kentucky, in 1940-41. Perhaps the limerick in the July ROTARIAN had special significance to him. Anyway, he wrote out a last line and THE FIXER votes it a winner:

Our men all join in the singing,  
And set the high rafters a-ringing,  
For it's fun to make noise  
And be one of the boys,  
Though the song's off key from the be-  
ginning.

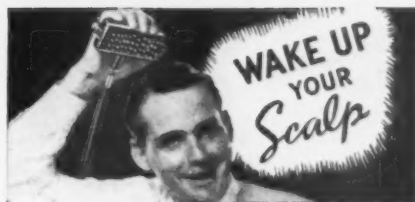
Because THE FIXER permitted Rotarian Louis T. McKim, of Melville, Saskatchewan, Canada, winner of the "Baint a Saint" limerick contest (see August ROTARIAN), to use the word "ain't," Ivan E. Rossell, Sheffield, Pennsylvania, Rotarian, has denounced him "limerickally" as follows:

*We were told that Slim Baint was some  
quaint,  
And a punster would call him a saint.  
But this Fixer, not fussy,  
(Ungrammatical hussy)  
Permitted McKim to say "aint."*

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA:** The quotation from Horace is as follows: "Mingle a little folly with your wisdom." The quotation (whose author is unknown) is:

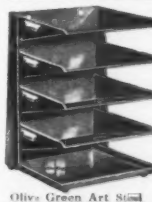
"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men."

CHARADE: Sel-dom.  
WORD SQUARE: 1. Anger. 2. Nerve. 3. Groan. 4. Evade. 5. Renew.



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## *Last Page Comment*

### **A PROCESSIONARY**

caterpillar should be on the coat-of-arms of some of the neighborhood folks whom Hendrik Willem van Loon writes about in his article beginning on page 8. We'll tell you about an experiment of Jean-Henri Fabre, French naturalist, and you'll then have to figure out why. He noted that these caterpillars, which feed on pine needles, closely follow one another along branches in a sort of procession, each with eyes half open. So he got an endless procession of them on the rim of a flower pot, wondering how soon they would discover his practical joke. But, no. Force of habit was too strong. They kept on creeping about the rim for hours, day and night. Days went on—a full week, and the procession didn't stop until the caterpillars dropped from starvation and exhaustion. Yet all the time there was plenty of food near-by—just off the beaten path.

### **THE WEEK**

of October 5 to 11 is Fire-Prevention Week in the United States. Maybe there are some little things you can do about it at home—maybe some big things at the office or plant. Ten thousand lives and over 300 million dollars is far too great a bill. That's what fire costs Uncle Sam alone each year.

### **ONE ROTARY CLUB SENDS**

a mobile kitchen to a Club in England. Another Club heads the local aluminum drive. Still another has a talk on defense economy. A fourth makes its meetings a fortifier of flagging spirits. Now each of these commendable efforts could be called, respectively: International Service, Community Service, Vocational Service, Club Service. Yet all are also *national* service. Which is to say that some of the best national service that Rotary Clubs can give is regular service in Rotary's well-known "Four Lanes."

The Army and Navy are always on the job, even in the "piping times of peace," but when national emergency arises, they intensify their services. Just so, Rotary Clubs have always been service clubs. Today they are more so than ever. To some Rotary Clubs will come challenging opportunity for national service of specific nature—such as is described just below and also on page 42—but, generally speaking, the Club will be serving best if it merely intensifies its activities as comprehended in the Rotary program.

### **CLAYTON, MISSOURI,**

Rotarians know one thing United States Rotary Clubs can do toward national service and they are doing it well. John Lewis Bracken has written us about it. "Have you," he asks, "ever witnessed the induction of a group of selective-service men?" This is his impression of it:

It usually occurs early in the morning, between 6 and 7 o'clock. A little group of nervous boys, their worried parents, and members of the draft board are there. The lists are read and checked, the draft-board chairman wishes the boys well, the bus picks them up—and they are in the Army. The whole ceremony is less impressive than the transfer of a group of men from the county jail to the State prison. Then there are some "blue coats" present.

Rotarian Bracken's feelings must have been shared by Clayton Rotarians generally, for today every group of Clayton boys which is off to the Army takes with it the memory of a rather signal honor. Just before induction day the young men are chief guests of the Rotary Club—which moves its meeting dates if necessary to "catch" them before they depart. The program—everything about the event builds the self-confidence of these youths, takes appreciative note of the fact that they are leaving sweethearts, careers, and dreams behind them in the name of national duty. All

in all, it lets them know that the town is proud of them and will miss them. And when the morning comes for the dash to the station, Rotarians are at the wheels of the cars awaiting them; Rotarian hands give them that last slap on the back as they climb into the coaches.

### **NOW SPIN THE GLOBE**

and stop it at Shanghai. From this polyglot metropolis of the Far East comes an almost amazing example of Rotary in action. If you have studied the pictorial story elsewhere in this issue, you know how Shanghai Rotarians are coöperating with other agencies to solve the beggar problem. That is the way Rotary works. It is adaptable. What needs doing most, it does or helps do. We once read that the Chinese term "Fu Lun" means "Put your shoulder to the wheel and make it roll." That is a pretty good description of whatever it is that makes Shanghai Rotarians do the outstanding work that they do.

### **KEEP 'EM BUSY!**

That's the modern formula for taking the headaches out of Halloween. Give youngsters parades, sports, and shows—and put "hot dogs" in their hands—and they'll have little energy left for mischievous marauding. Police chiefs say the recipe works, that it makes Halloween safe, but not too sane. Rotary Clubs are glad to hear it, for that's the purpose of the parties hundreds of them sponsor each year. . . . Five thousand people lined the main street in Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, last October 31 to watch the Halloween parade sponsored by local Rotarians. On the same evening, Rotarians of North Hollywood, California, were up to their ears in 10,000 children at a playground party they helped sponsor. Of course, where the mischief menace is slight, Rotarians can fix up a Halloween sociable for themselves and their ladies, as they did last year in Mount Pleasant, Iowa. But where it still exists, this rule will serve: To hobble a goblin, give him games, glee, and "grub."

*—Your Editors*

